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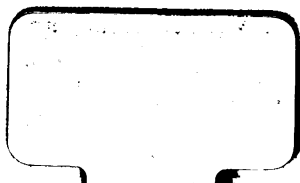
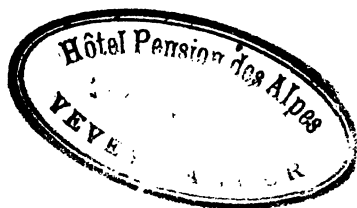
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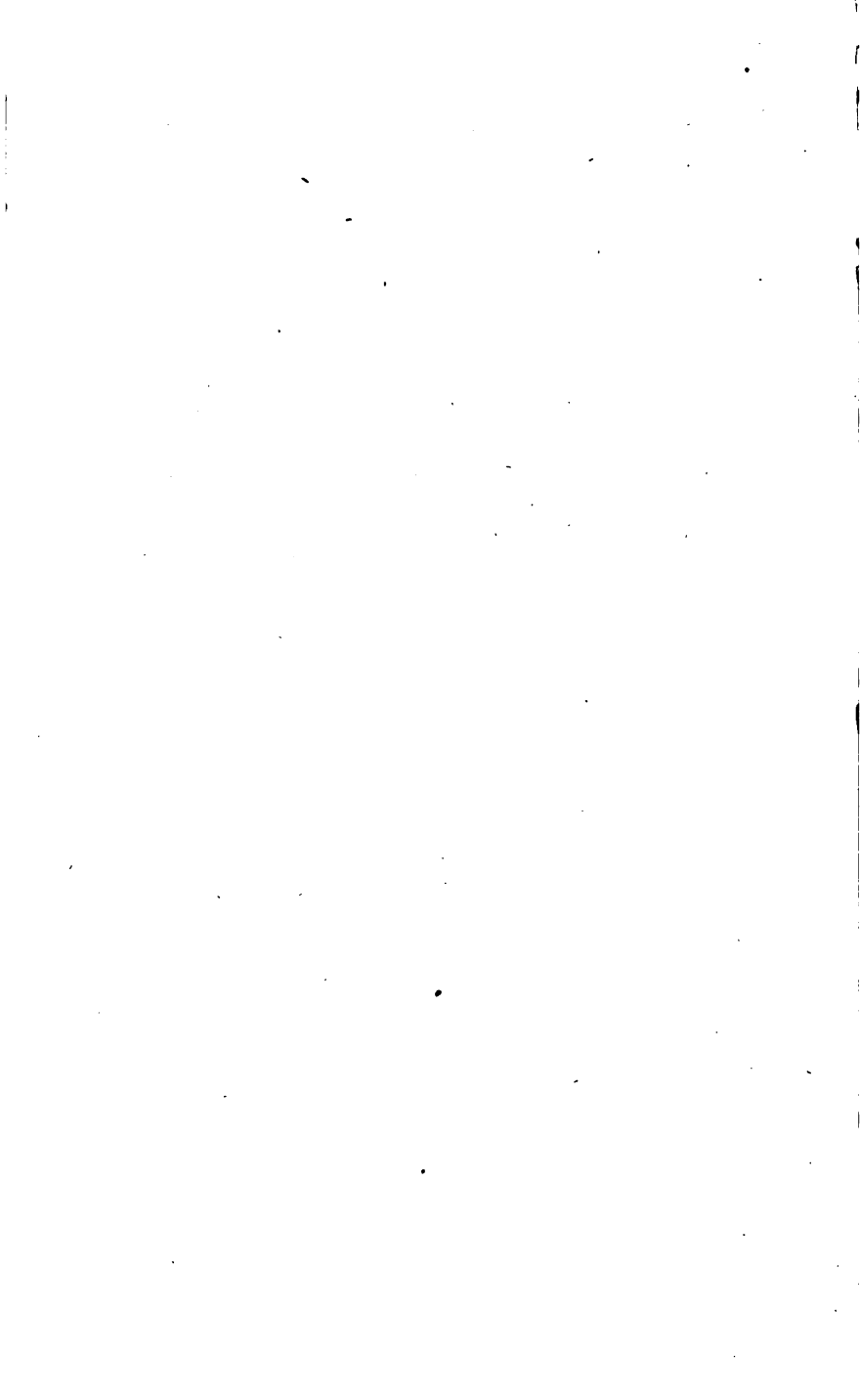
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THE
DIARY OF AN INVALID

BEING THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR
IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH

*IN PORTUGAL ITALY SWITZERLAND
AND FRANCE*

IN THE YEARS 1817 1818 AND 1819

BY HENRY MATTHEWS ESQ. **M.A.**

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

— talking of the Alps and Apennines
The Pyrenean and the River Po—**SHAKSPEARE**

FOURTH EDITION

TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

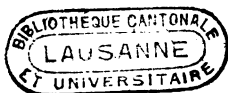
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Thos Murgan Gray

TO THE
REV. ARTHUR MATTHEWS B.D.
FELLOW OF BRAZENOSE COLLEGE OXFORD
AND
PREBENDARY OF HEREFORD
THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED
IN TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP
BY HIS FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THE following pages may seem to require some apology, being, as they are, the transcript of a Journal written to amuse the hours of indisposition, without any idea of publication.

From these materials, I was induced, upon my return to England, to begin an account of my travels in a more serious and sustained style of composition; but my work was arrested by hearing, from those to whose judgment I have deferred, that I was labouring only to deprive my Journal of almost all that made it interesting in its original form;—like an indifferent artist, whose finished picture has often less to recommend it, than his first rough sketch from nature. Though this may be no excuse for

publishing a Volume at all ; yet it will at least serve to explain why that volume has appeared in its present shape.

In preparing it for the press, I have been less solicitous to add, than to take away : but in adhering to the original Diary, it was impossible to avoid frequent egotism ; so that if I should be found, on many occasions, uninteresting, or even impertinent, I fear I have nothing to plead in my excuse, but must throw myself entirely on the charitable consideration of the Reader.

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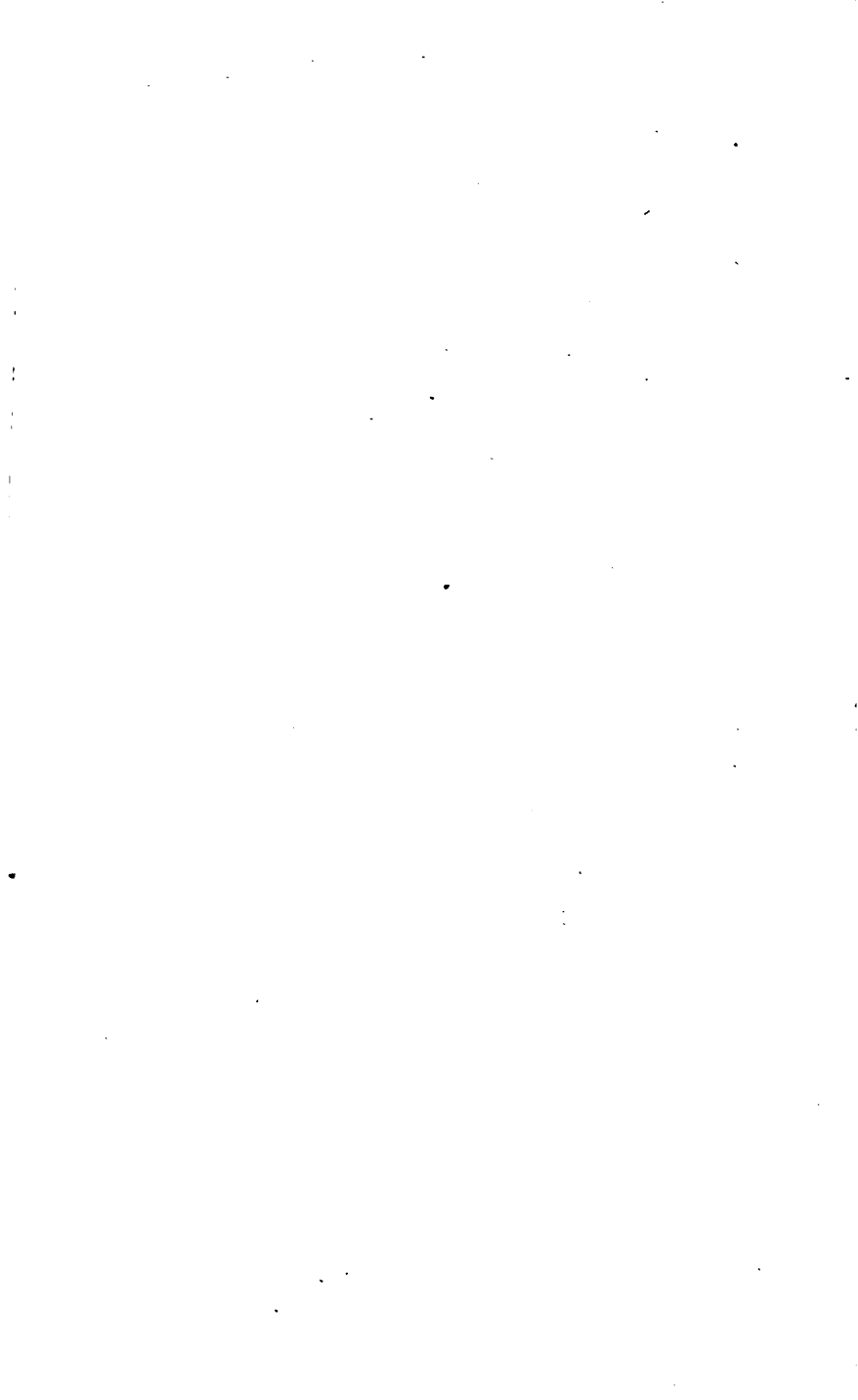
TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE immediate demand for a new edition of "The Diary of an Invalid," has furnished the author with a fresh inducement to endeavour, as far as the time would permit, to render it less unworthy of public attention.

Some passages have been altered, and some additions made; and, with a view to facilitate the task of perusal, the narrative has been broken into chapters; in order that the reader may be conducted by easier stages, from one end of the volume to the other.

Without interruptions of this kind, indeed, as Fielding says, the best narrative must overpower every reader; for nothing short of the everlasting watchfulness which Homer has ascribed to Jove himself, can be proof against a continued newspaper.



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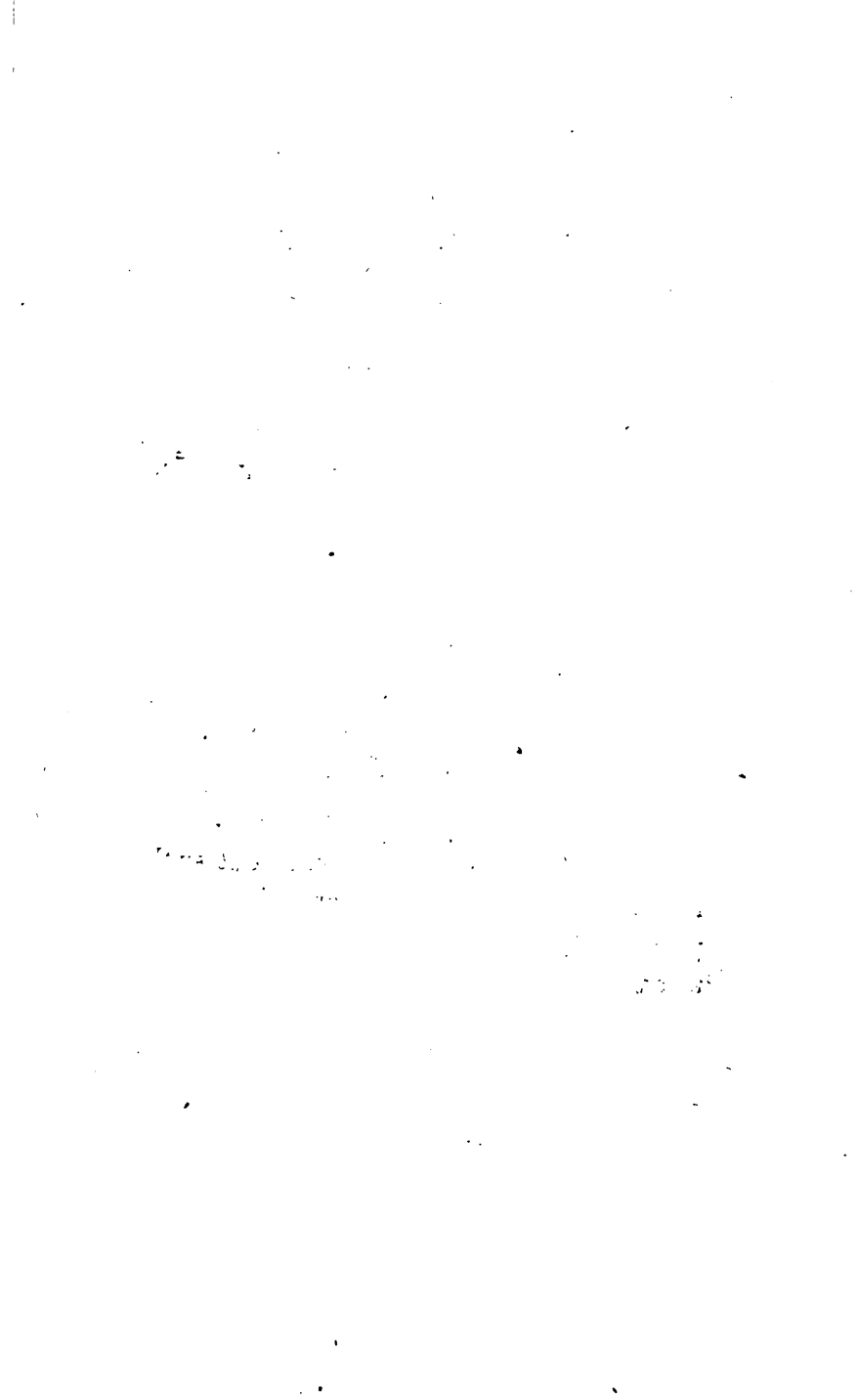
TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

THE progress of a third edition through the press affords me another opportunity for revisal and correction, of which I would willingly make greater use, if I were not called away from the task of superintendence to a distant part of the globe. No man but he who has tried the experiment knows how difficult it is to be *accurate*. A Book of Travels must always be more or less a volume of *inaccuracies*;—and I fear that had my endeavours to weed out such imperfections been much more minute and prolonged, enough would have still remained to exercise the patience and require the indulgence of the reader.

H. M.

London, 29th October, 1821.



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DIARY OF AN INVALID,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from England—Voyage to Lisbon—Lisbon—
Cintra—Police of Lisbon—Superstition of the People—
Departure from Lisbon.

September 6th, 1817. I BELIEVE it is Horace Walpole who says—quoting a remark of Gray—that if any man would keep a faithful account of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove an interesting one. The observation would perhaps be strictly true, if nothing were recorded but what really appeared at the time to be worth remembering; whereas, I believe most writers of Journals keep their minds upon the stretch to insert as much matter as possible.

It is not without the fear of affording an exception to Mr. Gray's observation, that I begin a brief chronicle of what I may think, see, and hear, during the pilgrimage which I am about to undertake.

In obedience to medical advice, I have at last determined to set out upon a wild-goose chase after health, and try, like honest Tristram Shandy, whether it be possible to run away from death;—and, in spite of Horace's hint of *Mors et fugacem persequitur virum*, I have this day completed the first stage of my journey.

Who has not experienced the bitter feelings with which one turns round on the last height, that commands the last view of home? This farewell look was longer than usual, for in my state I can scarcely hope ever to see it again. But if, as Pope says,

Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die,

I certainly have no time to lose.

7th. My flight has been necessarily too rapid to allow any time for the gratification of curiosity on this side of the water; and I have passed through Gloucester, Bath, and Exeter, without seeing more of those places than might be viewed from the coach window.

8th. All I saw of Plymouth was in rowing across the Hamoaze, in my way to Tor Point, from whence the mail-coach starts. The harbour, full of three-deckers, presents a glorious sight; which an Englishman cannot look at without feeling that in-

ward glorying, and exultation of soul, which Longinus describes as the effect of the sublime. At Tor Point we found the mail-coach, and after a tedious drag, accomplished sixty-five miles in twelve hours.

Every thing in this district savours of the sea. The inhabitants are a sort of amphibious race. The very coachman partook of the marine nature; and the slang peculiar to his calling was tempered with sea-phrases. The coach was to be *under-sail* at such an hour, and it was promoted from the neuter to the feminine gender, with as much reason perhaps as the ship. At Falmouth I found my brother* waiting my arrival;—whose anxiety respecting my health, as it had led him to urge the trial of a voyage, determined him also to accompany me across the sea.

10th and 11th. Agonies of deliberation upon my future plans.—

Too much deliberation is certainly worse than too little. This difficulty of deciding arises perhaps from the wish to combine advantages which are incompatible. A man is too apt to forget that in this world he cannot have every thing. A choice is all that is left him. The world was all before

* The Rev. A. M.

me, where to choose;—but the difficulty of the choice was increased by the arrival of a packet from Lord Viscount S., whose obliging kindness, of which I am happy to have an occasion of expressing my grateful sense, furnished me with passports and letters to various quarters;—for this, by enlarging the scope, embarrassed the decision of my plans.

At last I resolved to embark in the Malta packet, with the option of determining my bargain with the captain, at the first port at which he might touch.

12th. Received a hasty summons at seven o'clock in the evening. The post from London brought orders that the Malta packet should carry out the Lisbon as well as the Mediterranean mails. In a moment all was “bustle! bustle!” On a fine starlight evening, the boatmen came to carry us and our baggage on board.—Kissed the last stone of granite, from which I stepped into the boat, with affection and regret. All the pains of parting were renewed at this moment;—but, luckily, at such a moment, one has scarcely leisure for the indulgence of any feelings. In a few minutes we were on board;—at ten o'clock the Princess Charlotte packet slipped from her moorings,—and we were fairly off.

13th. At daybreak we found ourselves off the

Lizard, in a dead calm, with a heavy swell. Here began the horrors of sea-sickness !

Mind cannot conceive, nor imagination paint the afflicting agonies of this state of suffering. I am surprised the poets have made no use of it in their descriptions of the place of torment ;—for it might have furnished an excellent hint for improving the punishment of their hells. What are the waters of Tantalus, or the stone of Sisyphus, when compared with the throes of sea-sickness ?

14th. Still in Hell.—Here the poor devil is confined in a dark and dismal hole, six feet by three, below the level of the water ; with the waves roaring in his ears—raging as it were to get at him—from which he is only protected by a single plank, and with the noises of Pandemonium all round him.

The depression and despondency of spirit which accompany this sickness, deprive the mind of all its energy, and fill up the last trait in the resemblance, by taking away even the consolations of hope—that last resource of the miserable—which comes to all—but the damned and the sea-sick.

16th. Gleam of comfort !—Began to be reconciled to the motion of the vessel. Though in the hour of sickness I had vowed, as is usual, that if fortune should once set me on shore at Lisbon,

nothing should ever tempt me on shipboard again, I now began to contemplate a voyage to Malta with some degree of pleasure, and thought no more of my vow than the Devil did of his sick resolution to turn Friar.

17th. A fresh breeze. Our progress has been hitherto most favourable. If Neptune himself had been shoving us along with his trident, we could not have proceeded more directly in our course. It must be confessed that a journey by water has some advantages over a journey by land. You move along without the jolting of ruts, and your progress is not impeded by the incidents of eating, drinking, and sleeping. But then, nothing can be less interesting than the dull uniformity of the sea-scene. The view, when out of sight of land, is much less vast than I had expected. The panorama is limited to a little circle of water, seven miles all round us. Within the limits of this circle we move along, day after day, without the least variety of prospect or incident.

We have not yet encountered a single sail: and I had imagined that, in so beaten a track as we are pursuing, we should have met ships as thick as stage-coaches on the Bath road.

18th. The wind died away last night. A dead calm.—Got up to see the sun rise. Much has

been said of the splendour of this sight at sea : but I confess I think it inferior to the same scene on shore. There is indeed plenty of the—"dread magnificence of Heaven,"—but it is all over in a moment. The sun braves the east, and carries the heavens by a *coup-de-main*; instead of approaching gradually, as he does on land, preceded by a troop of rosy messengers that prepare you for his arrival. One misses the charming variety of the terrestrial scene;—the wood and water;—the hill and dale;—the "babbling brook;"—the "pomp of groves and garniture of fields." At sea, too, all is inanimate; for the gambols of the fishes—if they do gambol at their matins—are out of sight; and it is the effect of morning on living sentient beings that constitutes its great charm. At sea, there is—"no song of earliest birds;"—no "warbling woodland;"—no "whistling ploughboy:"—nothing, in short, to awaken interest or sympathy. There is magnificence and splendour—but it is solitary splendour.

Let me rather see—"the morn in russet mantle clad, walk o'er the dew of yon high *Malvern* hill." But, alas!—when am I likely to behold this sight again?

In the evening, I sat on the deck to enjoy the moonlight. If the sunrise be best seen on shore,

the moonlight has the advantage at sea. At this season of repose, the absence of *living* objects is not felt. A lovely night.—The moon, in this latitude, has a silvery brightness which we never see in England.—It was a night for romance;—such as Shakspeare describes, when Troilus sighed his soul to absent Cressid;—the sea, calm and tranquil, as the bosom of innocence;—not a breath of air;—while the reflection of the moon and stars, and the gentle rippling of the water against the sides of the vessel, completed the magic of the scene.

Sat with my face turned towards England, absorbed in the reflections which it is the effect of such a night to encourage;—and indulged in that secret devotion of the heart, which, at such seasons particularly, the heart loves to pay to the absent objects of its affections.

19th. A foul wind. A poor little bird, of a species unknown in England, alighted on the steersman's shoulder, quite spent with fatigue, and allowed itself to be taken. Probably making its way from America to Portugal. To-day, saw a sail, for the first time.

20th. The foul wind still continues. Here we are within a hundred miles of Lisbon, and yet without a hope of getting there, till it shall please the

wind to change. I remember Lord Bacon says, " 'Tis a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries." But it is a stranger thing to me the Viscount of St. Alban's should not perceive, that where there is nothing to be *seen*, there is little to be *done*; and that a man must needs scribble in his own defence,—though it be but to register the winds and chronicle the clouds.

In adjusting the balance between land and water carriage, I had till to-day been in some doubt; but four-and-twenty hours of beating to windward have put the question beyond all doubt; for though you may *move along* without fatigue, it is terribly fatiguing to *stand still*;—especially with the wind in your teeth. So long, therefore, as the wind—"bloweth where it listeth,"—I believe we must agree that old Cato's repentance was well founded.

Sunday, 21st. To-day we have again a breeze in our favour. All the crew are busily employed. This demand for hands prevents the celebration of Church Service, which was read by the Captain last Sunday.

The deck of a ship, out of sight of land, with nothing above but the—"brave o'erhanging firmament,"—with its—"majestical roof fretted with golden fire,"—is better calculated to inspire feel-

ings of devotion, than the proudest temple that was ever dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being.

22d. Once more welcomed the sight of land! Indeed, I believe, we did catch a glimpse of Cape Finisterre in our passage, but it might have been a "camel" or a "whale;"—this morning, however, the rock of Lisbon rose with clouded majesty within a few miles of us.

At eleven o'clock we fired a gun, and hoisted a signal for a pilot. A number of boats immediately put off to us, and the quickest sailer obtained the job.

Our first interview with the natives has not prepossessed us in their favour. From an uncouth clumsy boat we have taken in a meagre swarthy fellow, with a face as red as Kean's in *Othello*.

He soon gave us a sample of the choleric disposition of his nation. The captain seemed to doubt his skill, and sending below for his pistols, he intimated to the pilot, that if he should get his ship a-ground, he would, on that instant, shoot him through the head. The fellow was transported with indignation at this menace; and, though alone amongst strangers, he drew his knife, and threatened to revenge himself for the insult.

We crept along the shore at a snail's pace, and

did not anchor within the bar of the harbour till ten at night.

23d. Beautiful day. Sailed up the Tagus. The view is certainly magnificent; but it has, I think, been over-rated by travellers. He who has seen London from Greenwich Park, may survey without any great astonishment the capital of Portugal. The finest feature is the river, compared with which the Thames sinks into insignificance. Each side has its peculiar beauties, and I doubt whether the left bank, with its vineyards and orange groves, does not attract the eye as much as the right, on which the town stands.

The entire absence of smoke is a striking novelty to an English eye, and at first gives an idea that the town must be without inhabitants.

Being tired of the sea, I resolved to stay at Lisbon;—almost the only place for which I had no passport. Some little difficulties occurred in consequence;—but these were soon removed; and after a broiling walk in search of lodgings, we subsided at last in Reeves's hotel, Rua do Prior, Buenos Ayres;—an excellent house, kept by an Englishman—full of cleanliness and comfort;—and these are qualities which one appreciates at their just value, after a walk through the streets of Lisbon.

Though travellers may have exaggerated the beauties of the view, I have seen no description that does justice to the indescribable nastiness of the town. I have spoken of the view from the river as *magnificent*, but I believe the true epithet would have been *imposing*; for it is mere deceit and delusion: the *prestige* vanishes at once on landing; and the gay and glittering city proves to be a painted sepulchre. Filth and beastliness assault you at every turn—in their most loathsome and disgusting shapes. In yielding to first impressions, one is generally led to exaggerate; but the abominations of Lisbon are incapable of exaggeration.

24th and 25th. Jaunted about Lisbon by land and water carriage. To *walk* about the streets is scarcely possible for an invalid. A clumsy sort of carriage on two wheels, driven by a postilion, with a pair of mules, is to be hired for the day, or the half day;—but not at a cheaper rate than one might hire a coach in London. A good idea of these carriages will be formed from the prints in the old editions of Gil Blas, since whose time no improvement seems to have taken place in vehicular architecture.

I have already experienced the truth of Mr. Bowdler's remark,—“that in Lisbon, under a

scorching sun, you are constantly exposed to a cold wind." The Portuguese guard against this by a large great coat, worn loose like a mantle, with hanging *sinecure* sleeves, and which they wrap round them when, in turning a corner, they encounter the wind. The use of this sweltering surtout, in some shape or other, is universal, even in the hottest weather;—but the remedy is perhaps worse than the disease.

There is something in the appearance of Lisbon that seems to portend an earthquake; and, instead of wondering that it was once visited by such a calamity, I am rather disposed to consider its daily preservation as a standing miracle. Repeated shocks have been felt of late years; and to an earthquake it may look, as its natural death. From the vestiges which the indolence of the people has allowed to remain, one might fancy the last convulsion had taken place but a few months. Many ruins are now standing just as the earthquake left them.—Gorgeous Palaces—and—Solemn Temples—now totter in crumbling ruins, an awful monument of the fatal wreck. There are some streets, built since the earthquake, with trottoirs on each side, which make a handsome appearance; and, with any industry on the part of the people, the whole town might be

made one of the most cleanly in Europe;—the undulating nature of the ground being so well calculated for carrying away all impurities.

At present the only scavengers are the dogs, which roam about the streets in hordes, without homes or masters, seeking what they may devour. And indeed where all sorts of filth and offal are thrown into the street, till they shall be carried by the next shower into the Tagus, the dogs are not without their use; and the legislature has not been wholly inattentive to their accommodation. There is an old law obliging certain trades to keep a vessel of water at the door of their houses for the refreshment of these freebooters. Canine madness is, I am told, almost unknown here; and it is well that it is so. Upon the whole, the dogs behave very well,—except to one another; but it is uphill work to a new settler, for he must fight his way. They are *strict preservers*;—if any dog is caught out of the limits of his own manor, he is proceeded against as a wilful trespasser without any *notice*.

26th. Rose at daybreak, and set out in a cabriolet with a stout pair of mules for Cintra. The scarcity of gold, and the depreciation of their vile paper money, exposed me to the inconvenience of carrying about a travelling treasury of silver crusados in a green baize bag, heavy with the weight

of 150,000 *rees*. How rich this sounds!—but alas, the high-sounding sesterces of the Romans are nothing to the paltry pomposity of Portuguese arithmetic,—for the *ree* is little more than the fourth of a farthing.

The road to Cintra carried me near to the great aqueduct of Alcantara—the work of Manuel de Maya, in 1738—which stretches across a wide and deep valley, by a range of thirty-five arches. The centre one of these is said to be the highest arch in the world, and the view from the ground, looking upwards at it, is beyond measure grand and imposing. The width is 107 French feet, and the height 230. I paced the whole range of the aqueduct, upon which there is a fine stone walk of about three quarters of a milé, protected by a parapet. This vast work, while it remains a monument of the industry of the Portuguese, would lead one to believe that they were—as the ancients also are supposed to have been—ignorant of the first principles of hydraulics, which have every where else superseded the necessity of such stupendous structures. Still, in point of architectural grandeur and magnificence, it is a just source of national pride; and in a country where so few great undertakings, unconnected with religion, are

brought to perfection, it stands like the Giant Gulliver amongst the pigmies of Lilliput. Apropos of giants;—whole armies of windmills are seen here on every side;—and it is well observed by Semple, that Don Quixote's mistake, which is too absurd if judged by English windmills, is rendered probable by the sight of these, which look like good sturdy giants of ten feet high.

Great attention seems every where paid to the preservation of water in this country. Fountains of marble, of neat and often elegant architecture, with large troughs, are constructed on the road-side, for the use of the traveller and his beasts. My postilion, however, having accomplished one half of his journey, seemed to think that his mules, or himself, or both, for they fared alike, required something better than water; so he stopped at the half-way house, with "*Vinho do Porto, Carcavelos, Colares, &c. &c.*," inscribed on its front, and there fed himself and his beasts with bread soaked in wine. By virtue of this restorative, we contrived to reach Cintra; having consumed nearly five hours in a stage of not more than sixteen English miles;—though it must be confessed that the road was so rough, that greater speed might have been disagreeable.

I can add little to the warm tints of description that have been so justly lavished upon Cintra; the beauties of which are heightened by the contrast of the barren and uninteresting country all around it. I should compare it with Malvern;—but to the heights of Malvern must be added some hundred feet of perpendicular rock. The summits are composed of huge masses of stone, which seem to have been thrown up in some great convulsion of nature. On one of the peaks are the ruins of an old Moorish castle, the bath of which still remains in excellent preservation, and shows how attentive to cleanliness these Moors were. On the highest point of the ridge is the convent of Penha, the existence of which, on such a spot, is so wonderful, that I am surprized the monks have not attributed it to the same kind of assistance which brought our Lady's Chapel to Loretto. It commands a most extensive prospect;—but however superior Cintra may be to Malvern in itself, the view from it is much less pleasing. Instead of the fertile valleys of Worcestershire, the eye has nothing to repose on, but a dreary and barren waste. The village of Cintra stands half-way up—nestled as it were in the bosom of the hill—amidst groves of pine and cork, orange and lemon trees, with a profusion of geraniums and evergreens of all

kinds. This is the very region of romance. The sun is less hot, and the wind less cold, than at Lisbon. The mildness of the evening is charming, and there is neither damp nor chill to prevent your indulging in all the luxuries of a moonlight walk.

27th and 28th. Fell in with Mr. Ward, *Chargé d'Affaires*, an old Cambridge acquaintance. Excursion to Penha. The convent, high as it is, was not out of the reach of French rapacity. They robbed the church and the altar of every thing worth taking. All they spared was a plated candlestick, and the ornaments of the Virgin:—and here I suspect it was not their *piety* that restrained them—for the Virgin's habiliments have not the appearance of being very costly. She wears a flaxen powdered wig, and her diamond ornaments savour strongly of Birmingham jewellery.

Upon my return to my hotel, I found two old Etonians waiting for me, who, having heard from Mr. Ward of the arrival of an old schoolfellow at Cintra, were kind enough to come and claim acquaintance with me.

Dined, and passed a pleasant evening with one of them—Colonel Ross, of the Portuguese service. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since he left school, but we could just make out that we had been contemporaries. Without acquaintanceship,

however, there is a sort of freemasonry among Etonians, which, I have ever found, disposes them to be friendly to one another, whenever they may happen to meet:—and it is, indeed, a pleasant thing, to meet, wherever you go, with some face that you are acquainted with, without the ceremony of introduction, from the common relationship of schoolfellow.

29th, 30th, and 31st. Still at Cintra. My landlady, Mrs. Dacey, an old Irish woman, above eighty years old, is now quite blind; but she remembers perfectly the great earthquake, and describes the horrors of that awful event. Her house is generally full of holiday-folks from Lisbon; especially from Saturday till Monday. Cintra is to Lisbon, what Richmond is to London; and the Lisbon cockneys are glad to escape from their counting-houses for a few hours of fresh air. The accommodations of her house are good, and the table d'hôte excellent. The charge for board and lodging is 2,000 rées per day;—about eleven shillings English. This does not include wine, so that Cintra is not cheaper than Cheltenham.

A wolf sometimes makes its appearance here;—and one has lately been very mischievous.

Walked over the Royal Palace. They show the room where Sebastian held his last council,

before he set out on that fatal expedition, from which he has not yet returned; but the Portuguese have not abandoned all hopes of seeing him again; and the lower orders expect him with about as much confidence as the Jews expect their Messiah. Hard by is the palace of the Marquis Marialva, famous for the Cintra convention. The ink which was spilt on this memorable occasion is still visible on the floor—scattered, as it is said, by Junot, in an ebullition of spleen, when he put his name to the instrument:—but surely *he* had not the most cause for vexation.

Returned in the evening to Lisbon. Cattle much used here for draught. Met abundance of ox-wains;—the wheels of a singular construction;—circular pieces of board, solid and entire, though very narrow. The creaking of these is intolerable, and the noise as disagreeable as the sharpening of a saw.

Thursday, 1st October. Made a bargain with my landlord, to board and lodge me for 25 *crusados* a week—about 3*l.* 10*s.* English. For this I have three rooms, and two meals per day, but no wine. The cheapest thing in Lisbon is the fruit. Grapes are bought at three half-pence a pound, quinces at a shilling a hundred, and other things in proportion; but the flavour of the fruit

in general is not equal to our own. Because nature has done so much, these lazy rascals seem determined to do nothing. Peaches, nectarines, and apricots are left to take their chance, without pruning or training. Grapes are treated with more care, and melons are very abundant. One sees them piled up in heaps in the streets, and sold out retail by the slice.

Walked in the gardens of the convent dos Necessidades, of great extent, and some beauty. At least they afford shade and retirement, and—what is extraordinary in Lisbon—you are admitted for nothing.

Made inquiries in vain for a vessel bound to Italy. To contemplate a residence here for the winter, would be enough to make a healthy man sick; and the *désagréments* of the place strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid. There is not a room in the hotel where I am, that has a fire-place in it, except the kitchen. A grate indeed is a rarity in Lisbon. In winter this inconvenience must be severely felt; it is obviated as well as it can be, by a brazier of coal placed in the middle of the room.—So much for comfort:—then, the disposition of the people towards us offers no inducement to stay. There is no doubt of the fact, that neither the generosity

and good faith of the British, nor the blood profusely shed in defence of their country, have endeared us to our Portuguese allies. They dislike us mortally. How is this to be explained? Is it that malicious sentiment of envy, which seems to have overspread the whole Continent, at the prodigious elevation to which England has arisen: or is it the repulsive unaccommodating manners which an Englishman is too apt to carry with him into all countries, which make even a benefit from him less binding than the winning urbanity by which the French contrive to render confiscation and robbery palatable?

The Portuguese are full of discontent; and their long intimacy with us has spread far and wide amongst them the lights of information. Indeed, it is no wonder that they should be discontented, abandoned as they are by their sovereign, who has converted the mother-country into a province, from which men and money are drawn for the support of his transatlantic dominions; whilst the command of their national army, and the principal situations of power and profit, are in the hands of foreigners. The greatest unwillingness now prevails among the soldiers to embark for America. I have seen some hundred deserters chained together, and marched down to the bank of the river.

2d. Drank tea with Mr. M——, and from thence went to see the funeral procession of one of the Members of the Regency, who was understood to be chief of the anti-British party; but he has probably left his mantle behind.—Saw nothing.—Heard discharges of artillery in abundance, and this was all.—Nothing can be more dreary than the streets of Lisbon at night. No part of the town is regularly lighted. The Virgin and the Saints engross the few lamps which here and there gave a gleam of light. Amongst dirt, dogs, and darkness, it is easy to imagine how it fares with the stranger groping his way through the streets at night.

The police of Lisbon, as far as it affects the suppression of disturbances in the streets, and the maintenance of public decency, is extremely good. One is struck with the entire absence of all external symptoms of the vices and immoralities that might be expected to prevail in a metropolis, and sea-port, in this southern latitude. These regulations, though they may not be sufficient to counteract the vicious propensities of human nature, must be of some use; and I think we should do well to imitate them in our own metropolis: for—“how oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!” Thus far the police is good;

but for the prevention of crimes, or for inquiry into the perpetrators of them, it is of little service. The lower orders are in the habit of carrying a large clasp knife, with the open blade concealed under the right sleeve, and, as it may be supposed, assassinations are by no means uncommon.

The Inquisition is still an object of mysterious dread. And, truly, the sight of its gloomy prison—*triplici circumdata muro*—is sufficient to suggest the idea of that Infernal Tribunal of which *Tisiphone* kept the gate, and *Rhadamanthus* administered the laws :

—stat ferrea turris ad auras ;

Tisiphoneque sedens, pallâ succincta cruentâ,
Vestibulum insomnia servat noctesque diesque.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare

Verbera ;—tum *stridor ferri*, tractæque *catenæ*.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,

Castigatque, auditque dolos, *subigitque fateri*.

A young man of considerable fortune disappeared about a year ago, and it was supposed for some time that he was murdered. A large reward was offered for the discovery of his body ; but the river was dragged, and every well and hole in the town explored without success. It is the opinion of many that he is now immured in the prisons of the Inquisition. By-the-by, I have

not yet mentioned the priests;—and for aught I know, they are more numerous than the dogs. Doghood and Priesthood are certainly the most thriving trades in Lisbon. It is an humiliating spectacle to see the abject superstition in which the people are sunk and brutified. As the best things, by being corrupted, become the worst; so here, Christianity exhibits a system of idolatry much more revolting than the old Pagan worship. One cannot help feeling some regard for the ancient mythology, which is as amusing as Mother Bunch, illustrated and adorned too, as it was, by such divine statues. Besides—the heathens had not the means of knowing better; but who that has read the New Testament, can tolerate the contemptible mummeries which are here practised under the name of religion? The religion of the heathens was as superior to this, as the statues of Phidias excel in beauty the tawdry and disgusting images to which these poor creatures bow down with such humble prostrations.

In the mean time, however—the priests thrive and fatten. I will not say, with Semple, that they are the *only* fat people in Portugal, but I will vouch for their universal *embonpoint*.

This to be sure is only the outward and visible sign;—but it tends to give credibility to the tales

in vogue, of the sloth and good cheer, the licentious feastings and debaucheries, which take place in the convents, or rather the castles of indolence, in which these portly monks are lodged. The French, who hated a monk and the smell of a monk, as much as Walter Shandy, that is—"worse than all the devils of hell"—while they bayoneted the dogs without mercy, made the monks lay aside the crucifix to brandish the besom, and fairly set them to sweep the streets; but the French are gone—and the monks and the dogs have resumed their usual occupations.

The nunneries enjoy a better reputation, and are said to be filled with sincerely pious women, who have been led, from perhaps a mistaken sense of religion, to bury themselves in the unprofitable seclusion of a convent. This is, however, a delicate question, and I leave it in the uncertainty in which it has been left by the sage in *Rasselas*.

3d, 4th, and 5th. Passed over to the left bank of the river, which, in the broadest part, is about four miles across. The view from the opposite side is very beautiful; and from the absence of smoke, the whole of the town in all its details is distinctly visible. The indolence of the people is most striking;—you can scarcely get a shopkeeper to give himself the trouble to serve you. It per-

vades all classes :—arts, science, literature—every thing languishes at Lisbon.

The Portuguese are worthy of better things ; but they are bowed down by a despotic government, and hood-winked by a besotted superstition. The priests seem to fear that the growing spirit of inquiry will destroy the foundations of their power ; and therefore they do all they can to keep the people in a state of ignorance, in which they are supported by the Inquisition, which prohibits the circulation of all writings tending to excite religious investigation.

The government, on the other hand, takes equal care that no political disquisitions shall be introduced to disturb the quiet slavery to which the people seem at present constrained to submit. The suppression of the late conspiracy will contribute to strengthen the hands of government ; and the indolence of the people may help to continue the present state of things some time longer ; —but a change must take place sooner or later.

6th. Every thing warns me to depart. I have to-day been attending as pall-bearer at the funeral of one of my fellow passengers from England. He was in the last stage of a decline, and might as well have been suffered to lay his bones in his own country. The funeral of a young country-

man in a foreign land must always be an affecting ceremony ; and my own situation perhaps—for philosophers assure us that self is the foundation of sympathy—made it still more impressive. It may be my turn next :—*mea res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*.—He lodged next door.

The English burying-ground is pleasantly situated, and well shaded with fine cypresses. I looked in vain for the grave of Fielding. They do indeed pretend to point out the spot ; but to the reproach of the English factory be it said, there is no stone to indicate where his remains lie.

It does really concern the honour of the nation that some monument should be erected to his memory ; and it is a pity that Mr. Canning, during his embassy to Lisbon, was not solicited to prepare a suitable inscription ; whose truly classical pen would have done full justice to the subject.

After the ceremony, went to the church of St. Roque, which contains some fine specimens of mosaic. The altar is surrounded by a railing of verd antique, and displays a profusion of porphyry, lapis lazuli, amethyst, &c. &c.

The friars would have you believe they contrived to persuade the French, that the immense candlesticks, which are really silver gilt, were made of brass.

7th to 12th. Still in Lisbon;—though daily becoming more impatient to leave it. Amongst the minor plagues of the place, I ought to mention the flies. The rooms are full of them. They attack you in countless myriads, and their annoyance is intolerable. With what different feelings would one read the story of Domitian, in England and Lisbon!—There I sympathized with the flies;—here with Domitian;—whose hostility seems very justifiable, and whose expertness is the daily subject of my emulation.

13th. Visited the botanical gardens, where there is a museum, containing a good collection of curiosities in all the departments of nature. At the entrance of the garden, are placed two military statues, of rude and uncouth workmanship. These were dug up some years ago at Montalegre, and are supposed to belong to a period anterior to the Carthaginian conquest of Spain. They afford a curious and interesting specimen of the first essays of a barbarous people, in the art of sculpture, to perpetuate the memory of their chiefs.

Went to mass, where I liked nothing but the music. There certainly seems to be one convenience in the Catholic worship:—for those who attend might, with Friar John in Rabelais, com-

pare their prayers to stirrup leathers—which are made short or long at pleasure.

Took leave of my brother;—whose kindness has been unremitting;—and who this evening went on board the packet upon his return to England.

14th. Found a ship bound to Leghorn;—the Fanny;—a small trading vessel, of about 140 tons burthen. The captain asked me twenty guineas for my passage, and would fain have persuaded me that his demand was just. I knew it to be too much by half, and when he saw me resolved not to give more than ten, he acceded to my terms with scarcely a decent demur.

I am to find my own sea stock and bedding.

15th and 16th. Busily employed in preparations for my voyage. Mr. Ward kindly sent me his boat to make use of in conveying my various stores on board.

Took a farewell stroll through Lisbon.—Of the Portuguese women I have said nothing, though I have seen some fine specimens of face and figure. It is in expression of countenance and gracefulness of carriage that their charm consists, for to complexional beauty they have no claims. The hair is profusely ornamented with gold combs, artificial flowers, or precious stones of various colours. The women in walking the streets never wear a hat

or bonnet, but cover the head with a white handkerchief. And, let the weather be ever so hot, an immense cloak, or rather great coat—often of red cloth—is thrown over their shoulders.

As I was returning from my stroll, I sat down to rest on the steps of a statue ; but was hurried away by observing a man ridding himself of a numerous retinue of vermin on the other side of the pedestal—and cracking them by dozens on the steps.

And so much for the Lusitanian, or—as it might with more propriety be called—the Lousitanian Metropolis. I shall quit it without one feeling of regret. In fact, to remain in it is impossible : —I am fairly stunk out.

CHAPTER II.

Voyage to Leghorn—Quarantine—Pisa—Florence—The Gallery—Venus de Medicis—Canova's Venus—Countess of Albany—Pitti Collection of Paintings—Raphael—Vandyke—Salvator Rosa—Gabinetto Fisico—Santa Croce.

Friday, 17th. My fat landlord, Mr. Reeves, whom I strongly recommend to all visitors to Lisbon, entered my room before day-break, to announce that the Fanny was making preparations for weighing anchor. Went on board as the sun rose. We weighed anchor immediately; and with a fine breeze from the northward, and the tide in our favour, glided rapidly down the Tagus.

18th and 19th. Sick as a dog!

20. Mounted the deck with a firm step.—Passed over the scene of the battle of Trafalgar.—To-morrow is the anniversary of the death of Nelson.—Sung *Rule Britannia*, with enthusiasm; as the most appropriate requiem to the memory of the immortal Admiral.

About dinner-time we arrived at the mouth of the Strait, or, as the sailors call it—the Gut of Gibraltar.—The view strikingly grand. The African side much more bold and lofty than the European.—Attempted to sketch the rock of

Gibraltar, which is less remarkable for its height, than for its singularly detached situation, which has all the appearance of an island in rough weather.

We passed up the Strait with a fresh breeze; and I do not remember to have ever seen a more magnificent prospect. As we sailed onwards, the view was enlivened by constant variety;—the rock of Gibraltar changing its appearance as we shifted our ground, and caught it in different points of view.

21st. To-day at noon, saw Cape de Gata. Flew onwards on the pinions of the finest breeze imaginable. I find I have committed a great mistake in the laying in of my sea-stock. Wishing to try the effect of an abstemious diet, I resolved to compel an adherence to it, and therefore contented myself with a goat to furnish me with milk, confining the remainder of my stores to biscuit, rice, potatoes, cocoa, and arrow root. I mention this to warn any invalid who may chance to read my Journal, from following my example. For milk will be found of little use, unless a man have the stomach of a sailor; and the want of something in the shape of broth or soup will be severely felt. Though my poor Nanny is a most entertaining companion on deck, she is of no further use.

Her society, however, is worth a good deal. She is an old sailor, and so accustomed to the sea, that the voyage has not at all diminished her supply of milk.

My only other fellow passenger is a Genoese—the supercargo of the vessel;—between whom and the Captain I am obliged to act as interpreter.

22d. Out of sight of land. The last point we saw was Cape Palos. The southern coast of Spain presents an inaccessible barrier of mountains covered with snow.

Our voyage had hitherto been most prosperous;—but soon after I retired to bed, a sudden squall came on, and the wind shifted round to the eastward. The squall was accompanied with thunder, lightening, rain, and the usual symptoms of a storm. Whilst all was confusion on the deck, the cabin-window immediately behind my birth was driven in;—and we shipped a sea, that fairly washed me out of bed. The supercargo joined me in roaring out lustily for help;—for, to say the truth, I believe we both thought that we were going to the bottom. The fact was, that, in consequence of the very favourable weather, we had neglected to put up the dead lights; and the squall came on so suddenly, that before the sails could be taken in, the ship was driven backwards against the

heavy sea, which had been rolling us along since we entered the Mediterranean.

It was some time before any one could be spared from the deck to attend to the state of affairs below ; and if, in the mean time, we had shipped another sea, the consequence would have been more serious.

As it was, my situation was sufficiently deplorable ; and my only choice was between salt-water in the cabin, or rain-water on deck.—Passed the remainder of the night like a half-drowned rat.—The squall soon subsided ; and the wind returned to its old quarter in our favour.

23rd. Breeze still steady. Fine weather, but cold. The sea of a fine dark indigo. Quantities of fish sporting about the vessel. A strange sail to the southward of a suspicious appearance, which seemed to savour of Algiers.

24th. I begin to suspect that all I shall gain by my voyage will be the conviction that a man who travels so far from home, in pursuit of health, travels on a fool's errand. The crosses he must meet on his road will do him more injury, than he can hope to compensate by any change of climate. I am told that a sea-voyage, to be of any benefit to an invalid, should be made in a frigate, or other vessel of equal size ; but of this I doubt ;—for

all comfort is so entirely out of the question at sea, that I think the difference of as little importance as the choice of a silken or hempen rope would be to a man at the gallows. I am sure, however, that the fatigue and discomfort of such a little cock-boat as this, is much the same thing as if one were to be tossed in a blanket during one half of the day, and thrown into a pigsty for the remainder.

I nunc, et ventis animam committe dolato

Confisus ligno, digitis à morte remotus

Quatuor, aut septem—si sit latissima teda.

26th. Saw land again at a distance on the western coast of Corsica.

27th. The wind, which had hitherto been blowing steadily in our favour, now slackened. At noon we were becalmed with a very heavy swell. A storm came suddenly on. While we were standing on the deck, the ship received a violent blow on the stern, which threw the captain, the supercargo, and myself, on our faces. It is such an accident as this, according to the captain, that, in rougher weather, sometimes sends a ship in a moment to the bottom. The boat was knocked away, and we heard another crash in the cabin. It was a repetition of the affair of Wednesday, with this difference, that on this occasion—it was

on the supercargo's side. As I saw his bed brought up to be dried, I never felt so strongly Rochefoucault's meaning, in his memorable maxim about our *neighbour's misfortunes*. This storm ended as the last, and the wind returned to its old quarter in our rear with greater violence than before; and we made all sail for Leghorn.

Tuesday, 28th. *Italiam! Italiam!* At eight o'clock this morning we were within eighteen miles of Leghorn—near the little island of Gorgona, with Elba on our right, and the smiling land of Italy spread out before us. Achates himself could not have been more rejoiced than I was at this sight;—and it is not the “*humilem Italiam*,” which Æneas describes, but the high ground behind Leghorn, with the bold outline of the Apennines in the back-ground.

If the wind had continued three hours longer, we should have breakfasted at Leghorn. But, within sight of port, the wind has chopped about, and, for the first time since we left Lisbon, we have begun to tack. The view is, however, full of interest, and I have no right to complain of the wind, considering what a galloping voyage we have made.

29th. After tacking against a foul wind throughout the whole of last night, we entered the road of

Leghorn at nine o'clock this morning, having completed the passage from Lisbon in twelve days.

A boat from the Health-office hailed us immediately, and we were ordered to perform a quarantine of ten days.

Thus it seems that, before we enjoy the delights of an Italian Paradise, we are to be subjected to a purgatory of purification ; such as Virgil describes :

Alia panduntur inanes

Suspense ad ventos :

Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit.

Our passage has been so short, that these ten days might well be added to the account, without exciting much impatience—but it is always difficult to submit quietly to unnecessary restraint.

30th. Weighed anchor, and were permitted to go within the mole into the harbour. The last ten days of all quarantines are performed here ; and as we had a clean bill of health, and there was, in fact, no real ground for putting us under quarantine at all, we proceeded at once to this destination. Two officers of the Health-office were put on board to prevent all intercourse with us. As soon as we were safely moored within the harbour, a boat full of musicians made its appear-

ance under the cabin-window, and we were serenaded with "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King." It is the custom to celebrate in this manner the arrival of every new comer, and to welcome him with the national airs of the country to which he belongs. A few hours afterwards, an American came to an anchor very near us, and we had then to listen to *Yankee Doodle's March*, with some other airs not at all tuneable to an English ear. This serenading is probably the remains of an old custom, when a voyage was considered an adventure of great danger, and the return of a ship an event worthy of extraordinary celebration.

Boats are constantly plying with supplies of all sorts of provisions from the shore ;—and it is perhaps worth while to fast for ten days, in order to enjoy in perfection the true relish of beef.

Saturday, 1st Nov. to 7th. The days of quarantine pass heavily along. The value of liberty can only be known by those who have been in confinement :—for

" It so falls out,

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it ; but when tis lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours :"—

The quarantine laws, like most others, though

originally intended for the general good, come at last to be perverted to private purposes. This is the history of all human institutions. Our quarantine has been manifestly a mere matter of form. Whenever there is any apprehension of infection, the suspected ship is obliged to remain in the open roads. But here we are with a multitude of vessels of all nations packed together, higgledy-piggledy, as close as sheep in a pen ;—a rare precaution against infection. The true cause of these strict regulations, I believe, is the emolument derived from them by the Health-office. A number of men are thus kept in employment at the expense of those whom they are appointed to guard ;—for our Captain is obliged to pay his jailers. In the mean time, we poor travellers suffer. These officers prevent all communication between the natives and us, and between the inhabitants of one ship and another, though we absolutely touch our next-door neighbour.

As a proof of the rigorous observance of these regulations ; a fowl from our ship flew into the rigging of that alongside us ; and it was determined—after a grave debate—that the fowl must remain where it was, till the quarantine of our neighbour had expired.

Our captain, who was tolerable as long as we

were at sea, now, in a state of idleness, proves a most unmanageable brute.

Letter from my old friend C. who promised to meet me at Pisa.

Saturday, 8th. At last came the day of our deliverance. Johnson says, that no man ever does any thing for the last time, without some feeling of regret. The last day of quarantine might form an exception to this observation. Early this morning the boat of the Health-office came alongside:—the crew were mustered on the deck:—and the examination was begun and concluded in a moment. Thus ended the farce of quarantine. I lost no time in getting myself and my baggage on shore; and after a short ramble through the streets of Leghorn, hired a cabriolet to carry me to Pisa.

Perhaps, the most interesting sight in Leghorn is the English burying-ground. Smollett was buried here, affording in his death, as in his writings, a parallel to Fielding;—both being destined to find their last home in a foreign land.

Excellent road from Leghorn to Pisa, through the fertile plain of the Arno. At the gate of Pisa, I first encountered the restraints of continental travelling, in the examination of my passport and baggage.

Found my friend C. at the “Tre Donzelle.”

Passed a long evening in chatting over the tales of former times.—Disgusted at the mode of salute in use amongst Italians. They kiss each other in the street—first, on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly, lip to lip.

Pisa has a gloomy and deserted appearance, as if it had once seen better days. The inn—cold and comfortless—with brick floors, and without carpets.

The cathedral—a venerable pile of party-coloured marble. The first impression of this style of building is unfavourable ; but this may be the mere effect of novelty. One seldom likes what one is not accustomed to.

The leaning tower at first sight is quite terrific, and exceeds expectation. There is, I believe, no doubt of the real history of this tower. The foundation-ground gave way during the progress of the building, and the architect completed his work in the direction thus accidentally given to it. Accordingly, we find in the construction of the upper part, that the weight is disposed in a way to support the equilibrium.

Upon the whole, it is a very elegant structure ; and the general effect is so pleasing, that,—like Alexander's wry neck—it might well bring leaning into fashion amongst all the towers in Christendom.

9th. Finding I could not establish myself immediately *en pension*, I resolved to accept C.'s offer of a seat in his carriage to Florence.

Whenever the Grand Duke of Tuscany moves about his dominions, all the post-horses on his route are put under *tabao* for his exclusive use.

Unluckily for us, he was to-day on his road from Pisa to Florence. It was necessary, therefore, to hire a *Vetturino*, who undertakes to transport your carriage, in a certain time, for a certain sum.

Left Pisa at noon. Soon after our departure the rain came down in torrents. The horses knocked up; and the vetturino was half drowned. The post-master refused to let us have horses;—and as he had no beds to offer us—there was every prospect of our passing the night in the carriage. S. who was with us, smoked his pipe:—I swore in English;—and C. out-swore, out-argued, and out-joked the post-master and all his crew in their native tongue. At last, by dint of his arguments and humour, for which the Italians have a keen relish, the difficulties were got over;—though we did not reach Florence till after midnight.

10th to 20th. Travellers generally exaggerate most outrageously;—but they have hardly done justice to Florence. It may well be called—Fair Florepece.—The Arno runs through it with a tur-

bid, but rapid, and therefore cheerful, stream, forming as it were the middle of the principal street. Between the lines of houses and the river is a broad quay, serving for carriages and foot-passengers. Four bridges at short distances connect the two sides of the street, and add to its beauty. The absence of smoke and the clearness of the atmosphere, enable you to see the surrounding country distinctly from all parts of the town.

The views up and down the river are beautiful; and the immediate environs are ornamented with undulating shrubberies and villas without number.

The prospect from these environs is rich beyond description. Florence is laid out at your feet—and the Arno winds through a golden and fertile plain, till the scene is closed by the bold and rugged range of the Apennines—

——— gaudetque nivali

Vertice se attollens Pater Apenninus ad auras.

Such is the first view of Florence;—and within its walls is all that can conduce to gratify the senses, or delight the imagination. The wonders of ancient and modern art are all around you, and furnish an inexhaustible field of occupation and amusement.

Schneiderf's hotel is a magnificent establishment; and though Florence may be better calculated for

a summer residence, yet it is well provided with winter comforts ;—and the comforts of a place are as important to an invalid as the climate.

The daily charge at Schneiderf's, if you have only one room—which in Italy may serve for all purposes—is seven pauls for lodging, ten pauls for dinner, and four pauls for breakfast—altogether about ten shillings English. For this, you have a good room, an excellent dinner of two courses, with a desert, and as much of the wine of the country as you like.—If a man wishes to drink genuine liquor—let him always drink the common wine of the country in which he happens to be. Mould candles are also thrown into the bargain ;—if you burn wax you pay for them, and an extra charge is made for fire. The dinner alone in England would cost more than the whole daily expenditure.

The English abound so much in Florence, that a traveller has little occasion for any other language. At all the hotels, there is some one connected with the house that can speak English. English shops abound with all sorts of knick-knacks—from Reading sauce to Woodstock gloves ;—and the last new novels stare you in the face at the libraries.

The first thing every man goes to see in Flo-

rence is—the Gallery. It is thrown open to the public every day except Sundays and holidays, which last, by-the-by, occur too often in Italy, to the great interruption of business. The attendants are always civil and obliging, and without any interested motive, for notices are affixed to the doors to request that nothing may be given to them. Upon the same principle that a child picks out the plums, before he eats the rest of his pudding, I hurried at once to the Sanctum Sanctorum of this Temple of Taste—the Tribune;—a small octagon room, the walls of which are decorated with a select few of the best paintings of the best masters, and in the area of the apartment are five of the most admired pieces of ancient sculpture.

First and foremost amongst these is—"the statue that enchants the world"—the unimitated, inimitable Venus. She has now resumed her old station after her *second* visit to Paris;—for I am surprised the French did not argue that her adventure with the shepherd on Mount Ida, was clearly typical of her late trip to their metropolis.

One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised, but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a won-

derful work in conception and execution—but I doubt whether *Venus* be not a misnomer. Who can recognise in this divine statue, any traits of the queen of love and pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections;—for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve—even in her days of innocence before “she damned us all”—there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus:—in whose eye * there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.

Immediately behind the statue, is the most famous of all the famous Venuses of Titian, who has represented the Goddess of Pleasure in her true character—the Houri of a Mahometan paradise;—and a most bewitching picture it is. But the triumph of the statue is complete;—there is an all-powerful fascination about it that rivets the attention, and makes the spectator turn away from

* This passage has been censured as inconsistent and contradictory. If there be any inconsistency, it is in speaking of the *eye* of the Venus at all; as, in point of fact, the eye of the statue is nothing but a cold and colourless blank.

the picture—like Hercules from the voluptuous blandishments of the Goddess of Pleasure—to devote an exclusive adoration to the celestial purity of her rival;—for celestial she certainly is.

The peculiar attribute of her divinity is, not its ubiquity, but its individuality.—It seems impossible to transfer any portion of her “glorious beauty” to a copy.—None of the casts give any idea of the nameless grace of the original.—This incommunicable essence is always the criterion of transcendent excellence.

The arms are modern, and very inferior to the rest of the work. There is something finical and affected in the turn of the fingers, wholly at variance with the exquisite simplicity of the rest of the figure.

I must record—though I would willingly forget—the only traces of humanity in the Venus; which escaped my notice in the first fervour of admiration. Her ears are bored for ear-rings, which probably once hung there; and her arm bears the mark of having been compressed by a bracelet. This last ornament might perhaps be excused, but for the other barbarous trinkets—what can be said? I would wish to think they were not the work of the original sculptor; but that they might have been added by some later proprietor, in the same

taste that the Squire in Smollett bestows full-curved periwigs, by the hand of an itinerant limner, at so much per head, on the portraits of his ancestors painted by Vandyke.

Having said so much of the Venus, the others may be soon despatched.

The *Apollino* is a model of symmetry. The *Wrestlers* are admirable: but I should like them better if there were more contrast between the figures;—for they are so alike, that they might be supposed to be twins. The arm of the vanquished is out of joint, from the violence of his overthrow.

The *Knife Grinder*, as it is called, may be any body. None of the suggestions that have yet been made are completely satisfactory.

The *Faun* is principally remarkable, as exhibiting the best instance of Michael Angelo's skill in restoration. He has added a new head, and I doubt if the original could have excelled the substitute. Besides these, which are in the Tribune;—there is the *Hermaphrodite*;—the attitude of which is an exquisite specimen of the skill of the ancients in imitating the ease and simplicity of nature. The disposition of the reclining figure is so delightfully natural, that you feel afraid to approach it, lest you should disturb its sleep. This felicity in catching the postures of nature is still

more happily illustrated in *The Shepherd* extracting a thorn from his foot. The marble is actually alive. *Venus* rising from the sea, which is in one of the corridors, deserves a place in the Tribune.

The head of *Alexander* is worthy of the son of Ammon, and the conqueror of the world. The figures in the group of the *Niobe* are of very unequal merit. Perhaps the taste of the whole is rather too theatrical.—*Niobe* herself, and two of her children, are very superior to the rest.—The agony of maternal affection is beautifully expressed in the figure of *Niobe*. Did *Ovid* borrow his affecting description from the statue, or did the sculptor take his idea from *Ovid*?

Ultima restabat, quam toto corpore Mater,
Totâ veste tegens, unam, minimamque relinque;
De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam!

However this be, the statue and the verses form an excellent commentary upon each other.

“The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.”

Amongst the modern statues there are but few to admire. *Michael Angelo's Bacchus* will have no incense from me:—and his unfinished *Brutus* has all the air of a blacksmith. By the way, this is not intended, as it has been often supposed, for *Marcus Brutus*. It is a portrait of one of the

Medici, who assassinated his uncle, and was called the Florentine Brutus; but proving afterwards the oppressor, and not the liberator, of his country, M. Angelo laid aside his unfinished bust in disgust. The head of a *Satyr*—his first essay in sculpture as a boy of fourteen—is a truly wonderful performance; but there is nothing of M. Angelo's in the Gallery that will compare with the *Rape of the Sabines*, or the bronze *Mercury* of John of Bologna. The *Mercury* is standing on one leg, upborne by the breath of a Zephyr. It is a figure of ethereal lightness, and might "bestride the gossamer, that idles in the wanton summer air."

So much for the sculpture of the Gallery;—and it is equally rich in paintings. In addition to the two Venuses of Titian, which exhibit in the highest perfection all the glowing beauties of that painter, there are also in the Tribune some of the choicest works of Raphael. *St. John* in the Wilderness, and the portrait of *Fornarina*, are in his last and best manner, without any trace of that hard dry style derived from his master Perugino, from which he so happily lived to emancipate himself. I must also mention a portrait of Cardinal Aguechia by Domenichino, which is worthy of being compared with the noble picture of Charles Vth.

on horseback, by Vandyke, that hangs opposite to it;—and this is praise enough. There are some fine bold sketches of Salvator Rosa, in the ante-rooms of the Tribune, which will well repay the trouble of hunting them out;—and the famous head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, must not be overlooked.

These are the *plums* of the Gallery;—I leave it to guides and catalogues to discuss the rest of *the pudding*.

Sunday 16th. This evening, Sunday, I was presented to the Grand Duke. The Pitti Palace was thrown open to receive the congratulations of the public on the marriage of the Grand Duke's eldest son to a Princess of Saxony.—The bride, an elegant interesting girl of seventeen, paid her compliments to the company with affability and grace;—the Grand Duke and his family played at cards;—and every thing went off very well;—but for my part, I could not help thinking we were all *de trop*—as the marriage had only taken place in the morning.

The palace, spacious and splendid. The state-rooms were thrown open, and we roamed about without restraint, and were regaled with all kinds of refreshments. The boudoir, in the centre of which stands Canova's Venus, brilliantly illumi-

nated, and lined with mirrors, reflected the beauties of her figure in all directions, and exhibited the statue to the highest advantage. This is the statue which occupied the pedestal of the Medicean Venus, during her flight to Paris:—but I can find nothing *divine* about Canova's Venus. She is not worthy to officiate as chambermaid to the Goddess of the Tribune. It is simply the representation of a modest *woman*, who seems to shrink from exposure in such a dishabille; while her Grecian prototype, in native innocence and simplicity—scarcely conscious of nakedness—seems to belong to an order of beings to whom the sentiment of shame was as yet unknown.

The attitude of Canova's is constrained, and perhaps even awkward. This may arise from the manner in which she compresses that scanty drapery which the sculptor has given her—intended, I suppose—"to double every charm it seeks to hide." The symmetry too is by no means perfect. The head is manifestly too large. It is perhaps unfair to attribute to the sculptor the faults of the marble, but it is impossible not to remark that even if the work had been more perfect than it is, the unfortunate flaws, just in those places where they are most *mal-à-propos*, must still have detracted much from its beauty. Many of the copies

of this statue seem to me quite equal, if not superior to the original; an infallible proof, if the remark be correct, of its mediocrity of merit.

The Princess wished us good night at ten o'clock;—and we were all bowed out.

Monday, 17th. A long morning amongst the pictures in the Pitti Palace. A magnificent collection. Their value may be estimated by the fact of the French, who certainly had the knack of finding out what was worth stealing, taking away no less than sixty-three to the Louvre. These are now returned.

Tuesday, 18th. This evening the city of Florence gave a masked ball at the rooms of the *Belle Arti*, to which the Grand Duke and all the Court were invited. The Italians have been celebrated for their masquerading talents;—but if this ball were taken as a sample, a masquerade is a duller thing in Italy than in England. I believe it is never entertaining but in a novel—and there very seldom.

The young bride, in a room set apart for the purpose, opened a select ball; and I was pleased that she chose our old-fashioned, well-behaved country dance.

19th. Another morning in the Pitti;—but more of the pictures hereafter.—Strolled carelessly

through the rooms, without any guide of any kind, trusting to first impressions. When one has thus, by two or three visits, become familiarized with what one likes, and what one does not, it is useful to get a catalogue, and compare one's sensations with *authority*. Protect me from the tiresome flippancy of a professed Cicerone—who takes you round a gallery of pictures, like the showman of a collection of wild beasts.

Thursday, 20th. In the evening, a masqued ball at the *Cascade Rooms*, to which the Court and the English were invited; but as I have already had a peep at these gew-gaws, which I consider only as *Lions* to be seen with the other raree-shows of a foreign country, I prefer the “society of solitude” in my own arm-chair.

21st. This evening brought the news of the Princess Charlotte's death, creating a sensation which has seldom been produced by any public disaster. It seemed to be felt by all the English as a domestic calamity. The *Chargé d'affaires* wrote to the Grand Duke, on the part of the English, to excuse their attendance at a ball and supper, which had been fixed for the ensuing Sunday at the Pitti Palace.

The Duke, we are told, was much pleased with

the feeling that gave rise to this note, and exclaimed, “ *Voilà de l'esprit vraiment national!—cela leur fait beaucoup d'honneur.*” All the English put on deep mourning. Poor Charlotte! and poor Leopold! and poor England!—but all public feelings are absorbed in lamenting her fate as a woman, a wife, and a mother.

22d. To the Laurentian library, which is one of the raree-shows of Florence;—but a library is not a thing to be stared at. Here they show you the famous copy of the Pandects—for which you will not be a whit the wiser; and one of the oldest manuscripts extant of Virgil, written in a very beautiful character, in which I neither found the *Culex*, nor the four lines “ *Ille ego qui quondam,*” usually prefixed to the *Æneid*. There is a Petrarch, too, ornamented with portraits of the poet, and his Laura, taken, as it is said, from the life.—I looked with more interest at the finger of Galileo, which is here preserved under a glass case—pointing with a triumphant expression to those heavens which he was condemned to a dungeon for having explored.

Adjoining is the church of St. Lorenzo; and the mausoleum of the Medici—a splendid piece of nonsense which has never been completed. The church is full of the works of Michael Angelo;—

but it is no easy matter to comprehend *allegorical* statues.

Countess of Albany's party in the evening. She still maintains the form and ceremony of Queen-Dowager, wearing the arms of England on her carriage, and receiving a circle every Saturday evening, with a strictness of etiquette exceeding that of the Grand Duke's court. She was almost the only person out of mourning. This was, to say the least of it, bad taste. If there is no alliance of blood, there is a pecuniary relationship between her and the English government—from which she receives an annual pension of fifteen hundred pounds—that might well have afforded a black gown. It would be difficult to trace in her present appearance any remains of those charms that could attract and attach the fiery and fastidious Alfieri.

Sunday 23d. To mass in the cathedral. Of the churches of Florence I say little. The subject is endless—if indeed Eustace have not exhausted it. It is impossible not to admire the magnificence of their internal decorations;—but it is a magnificence that fatigues, and perhaps disgusts a Protestant, unaccustomed to the pomp and pageantry of Catholic worship. External modes however are, after all, mere matters of taste, about

which there is no disputing;—and the Italians seem to be attracted by splendour. One thing however, at least, must be remarked in favour of the churches—they are always open. Piety will never, in this country, find the church doors shut in her face. Service seems to be going on all day and every day. The favourite altar at this time—for the altar itself is not exempt from the influence of fashion—is at the S. Nunziata. In asking my way to La Santa Nunziata, I was often corrected with “*Caro lei, la Santissima Nunziata è di là*”—as if the omission of the *superlative* had given offence;—but the attraction even of an altar has its day.

24th. Again to the Pitti. A catalogue of pictures is a sad dull business;—and I must rather endeavour to record my own sentiments and reflections. The cant of criticism, and the dogmatism of knowledge, would confine all right of judgment upon painting and sculpture to those alone who have been duly initiated in the mysteries of virtù; whereas it seems to me, that it is with painting and sculpture—as Johnson has pronounced it to be with poetry—it is by the *common sense* of mankind, after all, that the claims to excellence must finally be decided.

Painting, considered as a fine art, is principally

valuable, as it is historical, or poetical; by which terms I would not be understood to signify the ideas usually attached to them;—but, by an *historical* picture, I mean one which represents the subject as it really was; by a *poetical*—one which represents the subject as it existed in the mind of the painter. Mere excellence of execution is, I think, the lowest claim a painter can advance to admiration. As well might a literary production rest its pretensions upon the mere beauties of the style. If the composition neither please the imagination, nor inform the understanding, to what purpose is its being written in elegant language? In the same manner, drawing and colours—the language of painting—can as little, of themselves, form a title to praise.

When I visit collections of paintings, I go to have my understanding instructed, my senses charmed, my feelings roused, my imagination delighted or exalted. If none of these effects be produced, it is in vain to tell me that a picture is painted with the most exact attention to all the rules of art. At such pictures I look without interest, and turn away from them with indifference. If any sensation be excited, it is a feeling of regret that such powers of *style* should have existed without any sparks of that Promethean heat, which alone con-

fers upon them any real value. If this be wanting, it is in vain that a connoisseur descants upon the merits of the drawing, the correctness of the perspective, and the skill of the arrangement. These are mere technical beauties, and may be interesting to the student in painting; but the liberal lover of the arts looks for those higher excellencies, which have placed painting in the same rank with poetry. For what, in fact, are the works of Michael Angelo—Raphael—Murillo—Salvator Rosa—Claude—Nicholas Poussin—and Sir Joshua Reynolds—but the sublime and enchanting—the terrific and heart-rending conceptions of—a Homer—a Virgil—a Shakspeare—a Dante—a Byron—or a Scott—“turned into shapes!”—They are the kindred productions of a congenial inspiration.

Yet, I would not be understood to deny *all* merit to mere excellence of execution. I would only wish to ascertain its true place in the scale. The perfect imitation of beautiful nature in the landscapes of Hobbima or Ruysdaal—the blooming wonders that expand under the pencil of Van-Huysum—and the exquisite finishing of Gerhard Douw’s laborious patience—cannot be viewed with absolute indifference. Still less would I wish to deny the praise that is due to the humorous pro-

ductions of Teniers, Hogarth, or Wilkie. These have a peculiar merit of their own, and evince the same creative powers of mind which are exhibited by the true *vis comica* in the works of literature.

The collection in the Pitti abounds in every variety of excellence. There are eight Raphaels. It is difficult to speak with moderation of *Raphael*. Those who undervalue him rate him by his worst productions, of which there are some to be found of a very ordinary merit;—those who admire him look only to his best—and these are above all praise. The character of his genius was extraordinary. Most painters may almost be said to have been born so; and I think Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West have expressed something like a feeling of humiliation, upon finding, at threescore, how very little they could add to the first juvenile productions of their pencils. Raphael was a genius of a slower growth; and it would be difficult to discover, in the hard dry outlines of his first manner, any indication of that felicity of conception and execution which is so conspicuous in his maturer works. His females are beings of an exclusive species; and if he painted from nature, he was fortunate in his acquaintance. The Madonna is a subject which he has appropriated and made his own:—it is only

tolerable in his hands;—or, at least, after seeing his, there is no tolerating any other;—Guido's sky-blue draperies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola* unites the most opposite graces;—there is a refined elegance, joined to a diffident simplicity, with a gentle tenderness pervading the whole expression of her figure, which realizes all one's conceptions of that mother from whom the meek Jesus—who, in the agonies of death, offered up a prayer for his executioners—derived his human nature. His portraits too are excellent, combining the force and the richness of the Flemish and Venetian schools, and are second only to the happiest efforts of Vandyke.

Vandyke must ever be the prince of portrait painters. He is at once *historical* and *poetical*. Any dauber may paint a sign-post likeness; but a portrait must have spirit and character as well as resemblance. Vandyke seems to embody, in one transient expression of the countenance—which is all that a painter can give—the whole character of his subject. The *Bentivoglio* is a magnificent specimen of his talent in this way. The subject is worthy of his pencil, and seems to have pleased him. It is a full length—dressed in a Cardinal's robes. The head in Lavater was probably taken from this picture, but it has lost a

great deal by being separated from the figure ;—the attitude and commanding air of which are admirable.

Salvator Rosa is to me the most *poetical* of all painters ; by which I mean, not only that he possesses that *mens divinator*, that mysterious power over the grand, the sublime, and the terrible, which constitutes the soul of a poet ;—but also, that he ministers more than any other painter to the imagination of the spectator. There is always a something more than meets the eye, in his wild and romantic sketches, which awakens a train of associations, and sets in motion the airy nothings of the fancy. You may look at his pictures for ever, without feeling the least satiety. There is a battle of his in the Pitti, which might serve as a study to all the poets who have sung of battles—from Homer down to Walter Scott. What a picture he would have made of the witches in *Macbeth*, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has managed so unhappily ;—or of Meg Merrilies hurling her parting imprecations upon the Laird of Ellangowan ! He seems to be in painting what Byron is in poetry, or Kean in acting ;—and it would be difficult to praise him more. There is a portrait of himself, by himself, that promises all the genius which is exhibited in his works.

The *Four Philosophers*—a splendid picture by Rubens—worthy of the master of Vandyke.

The *Fates*—one of the few oil paintings that Michael Angelo has given us—are finely conceived—

———“*facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*”

The features remind one of the portrait of Dante. There is something quite appalling in the solemn severity—the terrible gravity of their demeanour. They might stand for the weird sisters of Shakespeare, if the witches be indeed sublime;—but I fear that “*mounch’t and mounch’t and mounch’t,*” brings them down to the level of old women.

Luther and Calvin, by Giorgioni, detained me a long while, though perhaps more from the interest of the subject than the merit of the painting. I fancied I read in the harsh lines of Calvin’s countenance, that brutal spirit which could enjoy the spectacle of the sufferings of his victim Servetus, and find materials for ridicule in the last afflicting agonies of affrighted nature.

A *St. John in the Wilderness*, by *Andrea del Sarto*, in the last room, is the only picture I have seen that might form an exception to Forsyth’s character of that painter; who says “He has

neither poetry in his head, nor pathos in his heart.”—But enough of pictures for the present.

25th. Visited the *Gabinetto Fisico*. This is a shockingly accurate imitation of dissected subjects, in wax. I went in immediately after breakfast, and was as much discomposed as I could have been by so many real carcasses. It is too horrible, and, it might be added, too indecent an exhibition for miscellaneous admission. Yet all the world, men and women, lounge there ;—though all that is revolting and disgusting in disease or deformity is laid bare and exposed, with a nakedness that can only be gratifying to the eye of science. The commencement and progress of the fatal plague at Florence is represented in miniature ; and, from the effect produced by looking at it, I am inclined to believe what is said—that if it had been made as large as life, it would have been too horrible for exhibition. Gallery again.

26th. The most interesting church here is the *S. Croce*—the Westminster Abbey of Florence—for here are the bones and the tombs of Galileo, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, and Alfieri. Machiavelli’s epitaph is a good specimen of that brevity, which, when well managed, makes an epitaph so impressive—

Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.

Nicholaus Machiavelli.

Michael Angelo is buried, according to his own desire, so that his grave might command a view of the cupola of the Cathedral—the work of Brunelleschi; which suggested to him the idea of his own grander work at St. Peter's.

The Florentines would gladly have recovered the bones of Dante, whom they exiled, to die at Ravenna; and they point with pride to an original picture of him in fresco on the wall of the cathedral.

27th. Bitterly cold. A Siberian wind from the Apennines cuts one to the heart. This is no place for the winter. The scene must be changed;—but whither? Pisa will never do, after Florence. It is as well to die of consumption as of ennui. All the world is going to Rome—and every body says that Rome is a charming place in the winter. What every body says must be true;—and I shall swim with the stream.

28th to 5th December. Very unwell. My surgeon attributes my illness to the water, which, he says, is very noxious here. I believe it has more to do with the air, for it is more cold than ever I felt it in England, whatever the thermometer may say to the contrary.

6th. A long morning at Morghen's;—the first engraver in the world. His Last Supper, from the picture of Leonardo da Vinci, is the triumph

of engraving. It is pity that he did not engrave the *Madonna della Seggiola* at a later period, in his best and softest manner. How could he throw away his time and his labour on the *Madonna del Sacco*;—the fresco daub of Andrea del Sarto? Gallery again.

Met a funeral procession with a military guard. Upon inquiry, I found the defunct was a Jew, and that the precaution was necessary as a protection against the insults of the populace.

Sunday 7th. Bertolini's studio. There is no sculptor of eminence now at Florence. Bertolini is an excellent workman, and takes admirable likenesses; and if he were employed less in this way, might succeed in original composition. It is now the fashion among the English to sit to him; and you find all your acquaintance drawn up in fearful array, in hard marble;—some at full length! If this fashion hold, it will give posterity some trouble. Family *pictures* are easily put out of the way; but family *statues* would be sadly durable lumber—unless, indeed, they found their way to the limekiln.

The cheapness of sculpture here must injure our English artists. Casts have been imported from London of the busts of the King, Fox, Pitt, Nelson, Perceval, and many others. These Ber-

tolini reproduces in marble, and sends back to London, all expenses of carriage included, for twenty-two pounds each.

Made a circuit of the palaces. The *Corsini* and *Gerini* have each of them a fine collection of pictures. I was particularly struck with two, by Carlo Dolci, whose productions are generally too cloying for my taste. The first is the figure of *Poetry* in the Corsini palace—one of the most beautiful countenances I ever saw;—the charms of which are lighted up by that indefinable expression, which makes the face the index of the mind, and gives the assurance, at the first glance, of intellectual superiority. The other is the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew* in the Gerini palace;—a most affecting picture; the impression of which is aided by every excellence of arrangement, contrast, and colouring.

At the Mozzi palace is Benvenuto's picture of the Saxons taking the Oath of Confederation, after the battle of Jena. The figure of Napoleon is admirable; and is said to be one of the best portraits extant of that extraordinary being.

Vespers at the Duomo;—afterwards to the *Cascine*—the public drive and promenade—in a word—the Hyde-park of Florence.

CHAPTER III.

- Journey to Rome—The Forum—Palace of the Cæsars—Climate—Tombs—The Tiber—Temple of Vesta—Cloaca Maxima—Baths of Caracalla—Fountain of Egeria.

Monday, 8th December. LEFT Florence with a friend, who had a seat to let in his *calèche*;—and we agreed to travel together. Having met with a courier, who was working his way home and offered to serve us for his expenses, we engaged him to accompany us;—though nothing but our complete inexperience of Italian travelling would have reconciled me to such an ostentatious piece of extravagance.

This man's business is to ride on before you; get the horses ready at the post-houses; and prepare for your reception at the inns where you may be inclined to halt. Carlo, I believe, protects us from much imposition; and as he conducts all the disbursements and disputes on the road, which are in fact synonymous terms—for every bill is a battle—what he saves us in breath and temper is incalculable.

The road to Sienna is hilly and tedious, and we did not arrive till after dark.

9th. Left Sienna long before it was light in the morning ; being in some anxiety about passing the Ricorsi, a mountain-torrent, which, at this season, is very liable to be swollen by the rains, and has sometimes detained travellers on the road for many days. The Guide Book informs you, quaintly enough, that you will have to pass it four times—if you are not swallowed up in either of the first three. Having safely forded this stream, we arrived, at the close of evening, at Acquapendente. The accommodations here were so uninviting, that we proceeded on to S. Lorenzo ; and as it was now quite dark, my companion would insist upon taking a small escort of cavalry. This I thought unwise ;—it was making sure of being pillaged by the soldiers ;—whereas the danger from robbers was only contingent.

At S. Lorenzo we found that we had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. The inn had a most unfrequented appearance, and our arrival was the signal of destruction to some poor fowls, who were quietly at roost—dreaming of that tomorrow which was never to come.

10th. We rose early again, and breakfasted at Bolsena, on the borders of the lake. The inhabitants bear ample testimony, by their pale and sickly appearance, to the existence of the *mal-*

aria. Throughout this day, the road was beautiful;—commanding every variety of prospect;—hill and dale, wood and water.

The environs of Viterbo, bold and beautiful.—Halted for the night at Baccano;—the inn of which has been undeservedly denounced by Forsyth. Whatever may be said of the roast beef of old England, I think we might learn much from our neighbours in the science of good living. The inns in Italy are generally better than those of an equal class in England. What can a traveller hope to find at a country-inn in England but the choice of a beef-steak, a mutton-chop, or a veal-cutlet? For one of these, with some bad beer, or worse wine, he will be charged more than he will pay in Italy for an abundance and variety of dishes. The wines of the country are light, pleasant, and wholesome; and in that great article of a traveller's comfort—his bed—Italy has again the advantage. Instead of the suffocating feather-beds of England, you find every where an elastic refreshing mattress, which will conduce to ensure a good night's sleep, in spite of the dreary unfurnished room in which it is placed.

11th. We rose early in order to reach Rome in good time. It was a rainy day; so that when we ascended the hill about two miles from Bac-

cano, from which we ought to have seen Rome—we saw nothing. The approach to Rome is as all travellers have described it. You pass over miles of a barren common, much like Hounslow Heath; and when, at last, you arrive at the gate of the Eternal City, the first impression is, I think, a feeling of disappointment. But this, perhaps, may be referred to the exaggerated expectations, in which, till philosophy and experience have given sobriety to our views, we are all too prone to indulge. We have only to consider the limited powers of man, and to examine what he has been able to do, with a reference to his means of performance, and the tone of our expectations will be lowered to a just level. We were soon in the *Piazza di Spagna*—the focus of fashion, and the general resort of the English. Some travellers have compared it to Grosvenor-square; but the *Piazza di Spagna* is little more than an irregular open space, a little less nasty than the other piazzas in Rome, because the habits of the people are in some measure restrained by the presence of the English. Still, there is quite enough left to make me believe the Romans the nastiest people in Christendom—if I had not seen the Portuguese.

The English swarm every where. We found all the inns full. It seemed like a country town in

England at an assizes. To look for lodgings was impossible, for it rained unmercifully. By the way, when it does rain here, it pours with a downright vehemence, that we are but little accustomed to in England. We got a resting-place for the night with some difficulty, at the Hotel de Paris. Dear and bad.

12th. Signed the articles of a triumvirate with two friends, who were on the same pursuit after lodgings with myself. Established ourselves at No. 43, *Via degli Otto Cantoni, Corso*. This situation is bad. There are two fish-stalls under my window, the people belonging to which commence their vociferations as soon as it is light. There is, however, at least, more variety in these cries than in the perpetual "All alive ho!" of London. The Italian fishmonger displays all the humour he is master of to get rid of his stock, and he will sometimes apostrophize his stale mullet with ludicrous effrontery ;—" *Pesci ! cosa fate ? Pesci ! statevi cheti !*" But the worst objection to our lodgings is their height. We are on the *quarto piano* ;—a hundred and four steps from the ground—though this objection relates only to convenience ; for it is by no means *mauvais ton* in Rome, to live in the upper story, which does not at all answer to our garret. Here—your ap-

proach to heaven does not in the least detract from your gentility.

Our lodgings consist of two sitting-rooms, three bed-rooms, servant's room, and kitchen; for which we pay thirty sequins, about fifteen pounds English, per month. The charge of a *traiteur* for supplying you with dinner at home, varies from six to ten pauls per head. We get Orvietto wine at something less than two pauls a bottle. This wine is pleasant, though it is said to be very unwholesome. But the wine of wines is *Velletri*, which costs us little more than a paul a bottle; and a bottle holds nearly two English quarts. The paul is something less than sixpence, forty-four being the value of a pound sterling, when the exchange is at par.

December 13th to 25th. Sight-seeing. Of the sights at Rome it is impossible to say nothing—and it is difficult to say any thing new. What so many have told, who would tell again?—I must be content to record first impressions.

There are two modes of seeing Rome—the *topographical*—followed by Vasi, who parcels out the town into eight divisions, and jumbles every thing together—antiquities, churches, and palaces—if their situation be contiguous;—and the *chronological*—which would carry you regularly from

the house of Romulus, to the palace of the reigning Pontiff. The first mode is the most expeditious, and the least expensive;—for even if the traveller walk a-foot, the economy of time is worth considering;—and, after all that can be urged in favour of the chronological order, on the score of reason, Vasi's plan is perhaps the best. For whatever is worth seeing at all is worth seeing twice. Vasi's mode hurries you through every thing, but it enables you to select and note down those objects that are worthy of further examination, and these may be afterwards studied at leisure. Of the great majority of sights, it must be confessed that all we obtain for our labour is—the knowledge that they are not worth seeing;—but this is a knowledge that no one is willing to receive upon the authority of another, and Vasi's plan offers a most expeditious mode of arriving at this truth by one's own proper experience. His plan is indeed too expeditious, for he would get through the whole town, with all its wonders, ancient and modern—in eight days! This might suit young Rapid exactly, but I am content to follow the course he has chalked out at a more leisurely pace.

As a guide to Rome, Vasi's book is worth all the books of travels put together. It is all that it professes to be, and no more—a mere catalogue;

but it is comprehensive and accurate. There is nothing to direct the taste or influence the judgment;—but a traveller should observe for himself, and it is much better that he should not see through the eyes of others. Forsyth's book is a mine of original remarks, expressed in the most forcible language; but one laments that the author did not live to complete a work, of which his present volume is little more than the Text-Book.

Eustace, notwithstanding the many charms of his book, is not the most accurate of all travellers; and one is sometimes led to doubt whether he really ever saw the places he describes.

If a book of travels must be taken as a guide, *Lalande's* is perhaps the best, which is full of lore and learning: but it is as dull and dry as Vasi's Catalogue—and a great deal longer.

Some remains of the Palatine—the Capitoline—the Celian—the Aventine—the Quirinal—the Viminal—and the Esquiline Hills—are still to be distinguished. The most interesting relics will be found on the two first—the oldest establishments of Rome; for the first foundations of Romulus were limited to the Palatine Hill.

————— Porta est, ait, ista, Palati;

Hic stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est.

OVID.

The best view of the site of ancient Rome is from the tower of the modern Capitol. The modern city has been so much elevated by the rubbish and dilapidation of centuries, that it is matter of surprize the shape and situation of the ancient hills still remain so visible. The pavement of old Rome is often discovered at a depth of forty feet. Every thing is developed by excavation; and the Coliseum itself loses much of its effect by the mound of earth accumulated around it. One may judge of the greatness of the wreck, from the effects thus produced by its overthrow. Still, however, we shall be at a loss to find room for the three millions, which is not the highest estimate that is given, as the amount of the ancient population. It is rather the quality of what remains, than the quantity, that impresses one with an idea of the grandeur and magnificence of ancient Rome. There is the fragment of a cornice, lying in the gardens of Colonna Palace, which looks as if it had been brought from the land of Brobdignag;—for no pillars of present existence could support an entablature of such gigantic proportions, as that of which this cornice must have formed a part. One might imagine some great convulsion of nature had swallowed up the city,

and left a few fragments to tell the tale of its existence to other times.

One of my first excursions was to the *Forum*. It is difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe, the effect produced by the *admonitus locorum* of this memorable scene—reduced as it now is again to something like the state which Virgil describes, in the days of Evander;—

Passimque armenta videbant,
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.

The Roman forum is now the *Campo Vaccino*, the papal Smithfield; but it is still the finest walk in the world; and I doubt whether, in the proudest days of its magnificence, it could have interested a spectator more than it now does—fallen as it is from its high estate. Nothing can be more striking, or more affecting, than the contrast between what it was—and what it is. There is enough in the tottering ruins which yet remain, to recal the history of its ancient grandeur; while its present misery and degradation are obtruded upon you at every step. Here Horace lounged;—here Cicero harangued;—and here now, the modern Romans count their beads—kill their pigs—cleanse their heads—and violate the sanctity of the place by every species of abomination.

The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum comprises the history of ages. The broken pillars that remain of the Temple of Concord, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the Comitium, tell the tale of former times, in language at once the most pathetic and intelligible;—it is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers of description. It would seem as if the destroying angel had a taste for the picturesque;—for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them.

The arches of the emperors scarcely appear in harmony with the rest of the scene, and do not accord with the magnificent scale of all around them. I doubt whether Titus's arch be wider or higher than Temple-Bar.

The Duchess of Devonshire is excavating round Phocas's Pillar;—re-making the gulf which Curtius closed. Criminals in chains are employed in this work, under the superintendence of a military guard;—but, if patriotism and virtue be again necessary to fill up the chasm, where shall we find the materials here?

Of the Coliseum more hereafter;—for the first impression of the *Via Sacra* is so overwhelming, that the mind is lost in its own reflections, and has no leisure for the examination of details.

Marius, in his exile, sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage, must have been an affecting spectacle. Napoleon, amongst the ruins of Rome, would perhaps afford as striking a picture:—but Napoleon never was in Rome. If he had returned victorious from Russia, it is said that he had intended to make a triumphal entry into the eternal city, and to be crowned in St. Peter's.

The Palace of the Cæsars. The whole of this region, comprehending all that remains of the residence of the emperors, and the golden house of Nero, is now a desert, full of ruins, and fragments of temples, and baths—presenting an awful picture of fallen greatness. The spot is beautiful, and commands a fine view of Rome. The soil seems rich, if one may judge from the crops of cabbages and artichokes, which it is now made to produce. Great part, however, of this vast tract is covered with wild brushwood, where you may easily lose yourself, if you will. In my last stroll through this wilderness, I encountered a Fox, who paused for a moment to stare at me;—as if he were doubting which of the two was to be considered as the intruder. This Fox seems to be the genius of the place, and delights to show himself to all travellers. There are some remains of

a terrace, overlooking the *Circus Maximus*, from which the emperors gave the signal for the commencement of the games.

In another quarter are three rooms, discovered about forty years ago. These chambers are in good preservation, and afford a sample of the ancient Roman taste in the construction and proportions of their apartments. They seem to have received their light, like the Pantheon, from a hole in the ceiling; and instead of the formal square which so much prevails in modern rooms, each of the four sides in these is broken into a circular recess or bow. The same accumulation of soil seems to have taken place here, on the Palatine Hill, as elsewhere; for these chambers, which must have been once on the surface, are now thirty feet below ground. These rooms appear to me to be models of proportion, and the effect of the loose flowing outline, produced by the hollowing out of the sides into recesses, is much more pleasing than the harsh angular preciseness of a parallelogram.

Dec. 20th. The more I see of Italy, the more I doubt whether it be worth while for an invalid to encounter the fatigues of so long a journey, for the sake of any advantages to be found in it, in respect of climate, during the winter. To come

to Italy, with the hope of *escaping* the winter, is a grievous mistake. This might be done by alternately changing your hemisphere, but in Europe it is impossible; and I believe that Devonshire, after all, may be the best place for an invalid during that season. If the thermometer be not so low here, the temperature is more variable, and the winds are more bitter and cutting. In Devonshire too, all the comforts of the country are directed against cold;—here, all the precautions are the other way. The streets are built to exclude as much as possible the rays of the sun, and are now as damp and cold as rain and frost can make them. And then, what a difference between the warm carpet, the snug elbowed chair, and the blazing coal-fire of an English winter evening, and the stone staircases, marble floors, and starving casements of an Italian house!—where every thing is designed to guard against the heat of summer; which occupies as large a proportion of the Italian year, as the winter season does our own. The only advantage of Italy then is, that your penance is *shorter* than it would be in England; for I repeat that, during the time it lasts, winter is more severely felt here than at Sidmouth, where I would even recommend an Italian invalid to re-

pair, from November till February—if he could possess himself of Fortunatus's cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey.

Having provided myself with a warm cloak, which is absolutely necessary, where the temperature varies twenty degrees between one street and another, I have been proceeding leisurely through the wonders of Rome. In travelling round the circuit of the antiquities, it is curious to remark how the scale of buildings gradually increases, from the little modest temple of *Vesta*, to the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*, and the other works of the republic, till they swell out into colossal magnificence, in the vast works of Nero, Vespasian, and Caracalla.

The same remark may be extended to the tombs; and the same growing taste for ostentation may be traced from the earlier days of the republic to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus. Augustus carried this taste further in his mausoleum;—though he was at least social enough to admit his family. Adrian, at last, outdid all former outdoings, and constructed that enormous pile, which is now the Castle of St. Angelo, for the exclusive accommodation of his own single carcass.

Dec. 21st. The Tiber has been very differently described by different writers. Some have degraded it to a ditch;—while others have exalted it to an equality with the finest rivers in Europe. There are those again, who, admitting its pretensions in other respects, find fault with its *colour*. —“*fluere hunc lutulentum.*” The first sight of it has, I believe, generally occasioned a feeling of disappointment. But when we come to admeasurement, we find that at the *Pons Ælius*, now the *Ponte S. Angelo*, the breadth is about 212 English feet. This is the narrowest point;—and certainly if we apply to *this* part of the river Horace’s prescription for a good night’s rest—

“ ————— ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto”—

even less accomplished swimmers than Lord Byron and Leander might object to it as inadequate. At the *Pons Milvius* however, now the *Ponte Molle*, the breadth increases; and two miles above Rome, the river is nearly twice as broad as it is within the walls. This contraction of the stream within the town, will be a sufficient explanation of the destructive inundations which have taken place at various periods.

Some remains of the Sublician Bridge still exist ; —and your guide would wish you to believe that this was the scene of Horatius Cocles' gallantry. But in travelling round the antiquities of Rome, there is, I fear, great occasion for scepticism, with respect to the propriety of the names that have been so confidently applied to many of them.

The Temple of Vesta, a pretty modest little building, seems to belong to this doubtful order ; —though here, the doubt is, not whether it is a temple of Vesta, but *the* temple of Vesta. Its situation on the bank of the river seems to accord with Horace's *Monumenta Vestæ* ; and its geography will agree with the *ventum erat ad Vestæ* of the ninth satire, where it is represented as lying in his way from the *Via Sacra* to the gardens of Cæsar, *trans Tiberim* ;—nor is Ovid's description at all unsuitable to it ;

Hic locus exiguus qui sustinet atria Vestæ,
Jam fuit intonsi regia parva Numæ.

In this quarter of the town, you see a part of the *Cloaca Maxima* ;—this is one of the most curious and interesting remains of Roman magnificence ; and it has given rise to much difference of opinion with respect to the period when these works were constructed. Ferguson has stated

some historic doubts in a note to his *Roman Republic*, which are worth attention. "The common sewers were executed at a great expense. It was proposed that they should be of sufficient dimensions to admit a waggon loaded with hay. (Plin. lib. xxxvi. c. 15.) When these common sewers came to be obstructed, under the republic, the censors contracted to pay a thousand talents, or about 193,000 pounds, for clearing and repairing them. (Dionys. Hal. lib. iii. c. 67.) They were again inspected at the accession of Augustus; and clearing their passages is mentioned amongst the great works of Agrippa. He is said to have turned the course of seven rivers into these subterraneous canals, to have made them navigable, and to have actually passed in barges under the streets and buildings of Rome. These works are still supposed to remain; but as they exceed the power and resources of the present city to keep them in repair, they are concealed from the view, except at one or two places. They were, in the midst of the Roman greatness, and still are reckoned among the wonders of the world; and yet they are said to have been the works of the elder Tarquin, a prince whose territory did not extend, in any direction, above sixteen miles; and, on this supposition, they must have been made to

accommodate a city that was calculated chiefly for the reception of cattle, herdsmen, and banditti.

“ Rude nations sometimes execute works of great magnificence, as fortresses, and temples, for the purposes of superstition or war; but seldom palaces, and still more seldom works of mere convenience and cleanliness, in which, for the most part, they are long defective. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to question the authority of tradition, in respect to this singular monument of antiquity, which exceeds what many well-accommodated cities of modern Europe have undertaken for their own conveniency. And as those works are still entire, and may continue so for thousands of years, it may be suspected that they existed even prior to the settlement of Romulus, and may have been the remains of a more ancient city, on the ruins of which the followers of Romulus settled, as the Arabs now hut or encamp on the ruins of Palmyra and Balbec. Livy owns that the common sewers were not accommodated to the plan of Rome, as it was laid out in his time: they were carried in directions across the streets, and passed under the buildings of the greatest antiquity. This derangement, indeed, he imputes to the hasty rebuilding of the city, after its de-

struction by the Gauls; but haste, it is probable, would have determined the people to build on their old foundations, or at least not to change them so much as to cross the direction of former streets. When the only remaining accounts of an ancient monument are absurd or incredible, it follows, of course, that the real account of the times in which it was erected, is not known."

Such is the note of Ferguson, which is well entitled to consideration: though it is difficult to reconcile the existence of a more ancient city, on the site of the city of Romulus, with the entire silence of history and tradition;—unless, indeed, we carry it up to a period so remote, as would throw an awful mystery over the first origin of the Eternal City, connecting it with times, of which there are no more traces than of the Mammoth or the Mastodon.

22d. *Caracalla's Baths and Palace.* The ruins of this Palace are, next to the Coliseum, the most striking proof that remains of the grandeur of the Roman buildings. It was here that some of the finest pieces of sculpture were discovered; the famous *Torso*, the *Hercules Farnese*, the *Flora*, and the group known by the name of the *Toro Farnese*. This enormous pile of ruins has rather

the appearance of the remains of a town than of a single palace. From what is left we may form some notion of the form and proportions of the splendid *Cella Solearis*, or the Hall of Sandals, of which we have such a superb description. "*Cellam solearem architecti negant posse ulla imitatione qua facta est fieri.*" The baths are under ground; one of the vaulted rooms remains entire, and sufficiently indicates how the rest were disposed. While the lower orders mixed in the same bath, rooms were provided for more fastidious persons, with bathing vessels of granite, porphyry, and basaltes; of which many are now in the Museum of the Vatican. It is said that three thousand persons might bathe at the same time; and besides the baths, there was every thing that could minister to the gratification of the people;—theatres, promenades, gymnasia, libraries, and magnificent porticoes, to protect them from sun and rain;—where philosophers walked, and talked, and taught. Such were the baths, or rather the *Thermæ* of the Romans; for the baths did not include the same superb establishments as the *Thermæ*, which have been well described as "*Lavacra in modum provinciarum extracta.*"

Caracalla's Circus, as it is called, rests on very

doubtful authority. There is a coin of Caracalla's with a circus on the reverse side;—here is a circus that wants an owner;—how easy the inference then, that it must have been Caracalla's ! It has suffered so little alteration from time, that the whole shape and extent are as distinct as they could have been 1,500 years ago. By the way, the circus of the Romans is any thing but a *circle*. It is a narrow oblong, with rounded ends. Up the middle ran the *spina*, round which the chariots turned;—and it must have required very delicate driving. The length of the circus is 1,630 French feet, the breadth 330. The walls of the two *metæ* are still standing;—and the obelisk, which now stands in the Piazza Navona, once stood in the middle of it.

From hence I drove to the *Fountain of Egeria*; which is doubtful again; and cannot well be reconciled with the description of Juvenal, as to its locality. It is, however, a pretty fountain in a pretty valley: and, if it be the fountain of which Juvenal speaks, time has at least realized his wish, and the water is now again inclosed, *viridi margine*, “with a border of eternal green;”—and the only marble that profanes the native stone, is a headless statue, but not of the nymph Egeria;

for it is evidently of the male sex, and was probably intended for the god of the stream which flowed from this spring. I can vouch for the excellence of the water, of which I took a copious draught.

CHAPTER IV.

St. Peter's—Resemblance between Catholic and Heathen Ceremonies—Christmas Day—Baths of Dioclesian—Funeral Rites—Palaces—Fountains—Pantheon—Tarpeian Rock—Close of the Year.

December 23d. A LONG morning at St. Peter's—of which I have hitherto said nothing, though I have visited it often. All my expectations were answered by the first impression of this sublime temple. It may be true that, on first entering, you are less struck than might be supposed with the immensity of the building. But this, I believe, is entirely the fault of our eyes ;—which are, indeed, the “fools of the senses ;”—and we are only taught to see, by reason and experience. In St. Peter's, so much attention has been paid to preserve the relative proportions of all the parts, that for some time you do not perceive the largeness of the *scale*. For example, the figures of the Evangelists, which decorate the inside of the cupola, scarcely appear to be larger than life, and yet the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long, from which one may calculate their real stature.

The fact is, that nothing is great or little but by

comparison ; and where no familiar object exists to assist the judgment, the eye readily accustoms itself to any scale.

Gulliver says very naturally, that he lived with the Brobdingnagians, without being fully sensible of their stupendous size ; but that he was most forcibly impressed with it, on his return to England, by the contrast of his own diminutive countrymen. In the same manner it is, when you enter any other church, that you are most struck with the prodigious superiority of St. Peter's, in magnitude and grandeur.

There is, indeed, one exception to the harmony of proportion in the inside of St. Peter's. The statue of the Apostle himself, which was changed from an old Jupiter Capitolinus, by a touch of the Pope's wand ;—this famous St. Peter is seated in an arm-chair, on the right hand of the altar, and is scarcely above the size of life.

It was the contrast afforded by this statue, that first made me fully sensible of the magnitude of every thing else.

It is to be lamented that Michael Angelo's plan was not adhered to, whose intention was that the figure of the church should have been a Greek cross. The advantage of this form is, that it ex-

hibits the whole structure at one *coup d'œil*. In the Latin cross accompanied with aisles—as is the case in St. Peter's—the effect is frittered away, and instead of one great whole, there are, in fact, four churches under one roof. In spite, however, of all that the last architect has done to spoil it, St. Peter's stands, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent temple ever raised by mortal hands to the worship of the Supreme Being. It is a spectacle that never tires ;—you may visit it every day, and always find something new to admire. Then, its temperature is delightful ;—after starving in the cold and comfortless galleries of the Vatican, it is a luxury indeed to enjoy the mild and genial air in the interior of St. Peter's ; and I am told, the church is as pleasantly cool in summer, as it is comfortably warm in winter. The fact is, the walls are so thick, and it is so wholly free from damp, that the air within is not affected by that without ; so that, like a well-built cellar, it enjoys an equability of temperature all the year round.

Immediately under the glorious cupola, is the tomb of St. Peter, round which a hundred lamps are constantly burning ; and above, written in large characters on the frieze in the inside of the

cupola, is this obvious, but admirably appropriate, inscription:—

TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM ÆDIFICABO

ECCLESIAM MEAM, ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REGNI CÆLORUM.

Underneath, is the old church, upon which the present temple has been built; and it is here that the remains of the Apostle are said to have been deposited;—though many learned men have doubted whether St. Peter ever was at Rome at all. Here too you may read, what no person who has not descended into this subterraneous church probably has read;—the histories of the reigns of Charles III., James IV., and Henry IX.—kings of England!—for so they are styled, in the royal chronicles engraved on the tombs of the Pretenders; which, brief as they are, contain almost all that is memorable in the histories of most princes;—the dates of their births and their deaths. And yet, as if the present tomb were not sufficient to commemorate the last of the Stuarts, Canova is now employed in working a more costly monument to the memory of Cardinal York—*alias* Henry IX.

As there is one exception to the otherwise excellently-arranged proportions in the inside of the church, in the statue of St. Peter, which is insignificantly little; so there is also one on the

outside, in the height of the front, which is extravagantly too great. Architecture is so much an art of the square and the rule, that mere uninstructed common sense ought perhaps to have no voice on the subject. But all the world, learned and unlearned, unite in condemning this barbarous front. There is a drawing, in the Vatican, of the façade, as Michael Angelo intended it should be, which resembles closely the portico of the Pantheon. Maderno's frightful attic rises so high, that, to a spectator on the ground, placed at the further extremity of the piazza of St. Peter's, the auxiliary cupolas are quite lost, and the great cupola itself is scarcely able to appear above its overgrown proportions. St. Peter's must not be judged of from engravings. The rage for embellishing has possessed more or less all the engravers of Rome. Piranesi, who had more taste, had perhaps less fidelity than any of his brethren. They have all endeavoured to correct the defects of Maderno's front, and have represented it as it never can be seen from the ground. So much for Maderno;—whose performances at St. Peter's are thus appreciated by Forsyth:—"At last," says he, "a wretched plasterer came down from Como, to break the sacred unity of the master idea, and him we must execrate for the Latin cross, the aisles, the attic, and the front."

The inscription on the front, which bears the name of Paul V., is conceived in the true papal taste; and, instead of dedicating the church at once to the Supreme Being, consecrates it—*In honorem principis apostolorum*.

Adjoining and disfiguring St. Peter's are the Wart of the Vestry on one side, and the Wen of the Vatican on the other. The Vestry, however diminutive it seems in juxta-position with such prodigious masses, is in truth itself a vast pile, built at an enormous expense, by Pius VI., who was possessed with a rage for embellishing, and perpetuating his name by inscriptions. Over the principal entrance is the following:—

Quod ad Templi Vaticani ornamentum publica vota flagitabant, Pius VI., Pontifex maximus, fecit, &c.

The Italian wits seldom lose an opportunity of venting their satire in epigram, and the following distich was soon found written underneath the inscription:—

Publica! mentiris;—Non publica vota fuere,
Sed tumidi ingenii vota fuere tui.

Pius the VIth's passion for recording his own glory, in the constant inscription—*Munificentia Pii Sexti*—was, perhaps, more wittily satirized, during a season of scarcity, when the *pagnotta* or

little roll of two *baiocchi*, answering to our penny roll—which never varies in price, however its size may be affected by the price of corn—had shrunk to a most lamentable littleness. One morning, one of these Lilliputian loaves was found in the hand of Pasquin's statue, with an appended scroll, in large characters—

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

24th. Another morning at St. Peter's. Nothing can be more grand than the approach to the church. Instead of being cooped up like our own St. Paul's, it forms the back-ground of a noble and spacious amphitheatre, formed by a splendid colonnade of a quadruple range of pillars. In the middle of this amphitheatre stands the Egyptian obelisk, brought to Rome by Caligula. This curious monument of the history of mankind adds great interest to the scene. Caligula brought it from Egypt; and, after purifying it from the abomination of Egyptian superstition, dedicated it with this inscription, which still remains:—

Divo Cæsari Divi Julii F. Augusto
Ti. Cæsari Divi Augusti F. Augusto
Sacrum.

But all things in this world seem made for change:—the same obelisk has undergone fresh

purifications, to cleanse it from the heathen abominations; and it is now consecrated to Christianity.

The following are the inscriptions on the four sides of its base :—

Sixtus V. Pont : Max :	Sixtus V. Pont : Max :
Cruci invictæ	Obeliscum Vaticanum
Obeliscum Vaticanum	Dis gentium
Ab impurâ superstitione	Impio cultu dicatum
Expiatum, justius	Ad apostolorum limina
Et felicius consecravît	Operoso labore transtulit
Anno MDLXXXVI, Pont. II.	Anno MDLXXXVI, Pont. II.

Ecce Crux Domini	Christus vincit
Fugite	Christus regnat
Partes adversæ	Christus imperat
Vicit Leo	Christus ab omni malo
De tribu Juda	Plebem suam
	Defendat.

The fountains are magnificent. Christina, Queen of Sweden, thought they were made to play in honour of her visit, and begged they might cease ;—at least so says the guide—but this is the kind of story which is told of every royal head down to *Prince Leboo*; who, when he first entered London, thought it was lighted up as a particular compliment to him.

In giving the comparative admeasurements of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Eustace seems to have

been resolved, at all events, to exalt the superiority of the Catholic church above her heretical daughter. I know not from whence he took his dimensions; but they do not accord with those on the cupola of St. Peter's; which are given in every measure of Europe. The St. Paul's mark too on the pavement in the inside of the church—where the lengths of the principal cathedrals in Europe are distinguished—ought to have shown him at once how much he was mistaken, in giving to St. Peter's 200 feet more in length than St. Paul's.

Eustace's dimensions are as follow—where he seems to have comprised the walls and portico of St. Peter's, and taken only the clear inside length of St. Paul's:

St. Peter's.		St. Paul's.
Feet.		Feet.
700	Length	500
500	Transept	250
440	Height	340
90	Breadth of the Nave	60
154	Height of the Nave	120

Now the admeasurement of St. Peter's, taken from the record of the cupola, is very different; and the dimensions of St. Paul's, as given in the descriptions of that church, still less agree with Eustace.

The account taken from these sources will stand thus:—

St. Peter's.		St. Paul's.
Feet.		Feet.
673	.. Extreme length	510
444	.. Transept	282
448	.. Height to the top of the Cross outside .	404
88	.. Breadth of the Nave, 40; with the aisles	107
146	.. Height of the Nave	100

Such things are of little importance; but when one finds the admeasurement of the "*accurate Eustace*" quoted and followed by succeeding travellers, it is time to ascertain whether he be accurate, or not; though this may not be so easily done with respect to St. Peter's; for it is remarkable that scarcely any two books agree in the statement of its dimensions.

I was surprised to find on the bronze gates of the church, amongst the *bas-relief* representations of scriptural subjects, my old friends—the Eagle and Ganymede—and a very spirited, though not over-decent, group of Leda and her Swan.

Some traces of the old heathen superstitions are indeed constantly peeping out from under their Catholic disguises. I believe it is Warburton who says, that to see variety in human nature, one must go farther than Europe—the tour of which resembles the entertainment given to Pompey.

There were many dishes, and a seeming variety, but when he examined them closely, he found them all made out of one hog;—nothing but *pork*—differently disguised. I believe the remark might be extended farther. Human nature seems alike in all ages and countries. “We cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.” If any thing could have improved the tree, one would have supposed it must have borne better fruit by being grafted with Christianity; but, in many particulars—at least as far as Italy is concerned—all the change produced has been a mere change of name. For instance, amongst the antiquities of Rome, you are shown the house, or, as it is called, the *Temple of Romulus*;—which you are told was built round the very house in which he lived, and has been fortified and repaired ever since. Need we go farther to seek for the prototype of the tale of Loretto?—though, in this instance, it must be confessed that the moderns have “bettered the instruction.” What is the modern worshipping of saints and images, but a revival of the old adoration paid to heroes and demigods;—or what the Nuns, with their vows of celibacy, but a new edition of the Vestal Virgins?—*auctiores* certainly, but whether *emendatiores* or no—I will not undertake to determine. Wherever

we turn indeed, "all is old, and nothing new." What are the tales we hear of images of the Virgin falling from Heaven, but a repetition of the old fable of the *Palladium*;—which the ancients assure us was derived from the same celestial manufactory? Instead of tutelary gods—we find guardian angels;—and the *canonization* of a saint, is but another term for the *apotheosis* of a hero. The processions * are closely copied from ancient patterns; and the lustral water and the incense of the Heathen Temple remain, without any alteration, in the holy water and the censer of the Catholic Church.

It was the spirit of imitation, seeking to continue the Pontifex of the temple, in the Priest of the church, which perhaps led to the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the daily *sacrifice* of the mass—a ceremony which seems to be copied from the victims and blood-offerings of the heathen ritual, and little consistent with that religion which

* Middleton quotes an account of a pagan procession from Apuleius, which, as he says, "might pass quite as well for the description of a popish one."—*Antistites sacrorum candido linteamine—ad usque vestigia strictim injecti. Deum proferebant insignes exuvias, quorum primus lucernam præmicantem claro porrigebat lumine, &c.—Eas amœnus lectissimæ juventutis, veste niveâ prænitens sequebatur chorus, carmen venustum iterantes. Magnus præterea sexus utriusque numerus, lucernis, tædis, cereis.*

was founded upon the abolition of all sacrifices—by the offering up of the great Atonement, as a full and complete expiation—once for all—for the sins of the whole world. Again;—the mysterious ceremonial of Isis seems to have been revived in the indecent emblems, presented by women, as votive offerings at the shrine of *S. Cosmo*: nay, some would trace the Pope himself, with his triple-crown on his head, and the keys of heaven and hell in his pocket—to our old acquaintance Cerberus, with his three heads, who kept guard as the *custos* of Tartarus and Elysium.

Be this as it may—the pun of Swift is completely realized. The very same piece of brass, which the old Romans adored, now, with a new head on its shoulders—like an old friend with a new face—is worshipped with equal devotion by the modern Italians;—and *Jupiter* appears again, with as little change of name as of materials, in the character of the *Jew Peter*. And, as if they wished to make the resemblance as perfect as possible, they have, in imitation of the—

Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem—

of his pagan prototype, surrounded the tomb of the Apostle with a hundred ever-burning lights. It is really surprising to see with what apparent fervour of devotion all ranks, and ages, and sexes,

kneel to, and kiss the toe of, this brazen image.* They rub it against their foreheads, and press it against their lips, with the most reverential piety. I have sat by the hour to see the crowds of people, who flock in to perform this ceremony—waiting for their turn to kiss;—and yet the Catholic would laugh at the pious Mussulman, who performs a pilgrimage to Mecca, to wash the holy pavement, and kiss the black stone of the Caaba;—which, like his own St. Peter, is also a relic of heathenism.—Alas, poor human nature!—The Catholic laughs at the Mussulman—we do not scruple to laugh at the Catholic—the Deist laughs at us—and the Atheist laughs at all. What is truth? We must *wait* for an answer. But though all must—*wait the great teacher death*—to decide

* Though the parallel has perhaps been carried quite far enough already, yet I cannot help noticing that for this too there is a heathenish precedent: *See Cic. in Verrem.* “Herculis templum est apud Agrigentos, non longe a foro, sane sanctum apud illos et religiosum. Ibi est ex ære simulacrum ipsius Herculis, quo non facile quidquam dixerim me vidisse pulchrius, usque eo, judices, ut rictum ejus ac mentum paullo sit attritius, quod in precibus et gratulationibus non solum id venerari, verum etiam *osculari* solent.” The homage paid to the mouth and chin of the Pagan Deity had an excuse which is wanting to the modern *osculum* of the Apostle's toe; for there is certainly nothing in the “christened Jove” of St. Peter's, as a piece of sculpture, to palliate the superstition of its votaries.

between them ; let *us* repose our hopes and fears, with humble confidence, in the promises of Christianity—not as it appears disfigured and disguised at Rome—but as it is written and recorded in that sacred volume—which, in the words of Locke, has “ God for its author, salvation for its end, and *truth* without any mixture of error for its matter.”

25th. Christmas-day. A grand ceremony in the church of *S. Maria Maggiore* ;—where mass was performed before the pope and the cardinals. The night preceding this day of Christian rejoicing, is passed in the exercises of religion. Every thing is in motion ;—processions of priests, and pilgrims, and women fill the streets ;—the world of fashion follows in the same track ;—while the peasantry from the country, arrayed in their holiday clothing, which, among the women particularly, is very showy and splendid, with much of scarlet and gold, flock into Rome ; and the churches, brilliantly lighted up, are crowded to excess during the whole of the night.

It may perhaps be doubted, whether these midnight meetings are not often perverted to less holy purposes ;—but, the great majority of those who attend seem to be animated by a sincere and enthusiastic spirit of devotion. It is difficult for a Protestant so far to overcome the prejudices of

his education, as not to feel a sentiment of disgust at the theatrical representations which are got up to commemorate the Nativity. Some show of the kind is prepared at all the churches, and the people flock from one to the other, to gaze, admire, and leave their Christmas offerings. The most popular and attractive *spectacle* is at the Araceli church;—for the *Bambino* there is the production of a miracle, and is said to have been dropped from heaven. Part of the church is fitted up like a theatre, with canvass scenes, canvass clouds, and canvass figures of the Virgin—the shepherds—the wise men—the ox—and the ass;—all carefully painted with due attention to stage effect. The miraculous *Bambino*, splendidly accoutred, is placed in the centre of the stage, which is brilliantly illuminated, and offerings of fruit and nosegays appear in great profusion.

This disposition to represent every thing heavenly by sensible images, is the leading feature of the Romish religion; and the Roman Catholics would have us believe, that the distinction between the sign and the thing signified is never lost sight of. This, I fear, is only true of the enlightened few;—between whom, to whatever sect or religion they may belong, there is but little real difference of opinion. For, even amongst the old heathens,

the *initiated* were taught the existence of one Almighty Spirit, though this doctrine was considered too sublime for the vulgar; whose grosser feelings were thought to require the interposition of some visible object of adoration. The Roman Catholic priests seem to take the same view of human nature at present.

26th. The *Baths of Dioclesian*. This vast pile of building, situated on the Quirinal Hill, has not been buried by the same accumulation of rubbish that has overwhelmed most of the ancient remains. The whole of this establishment must have occupied a space of at least 400 yards square. All the rest of the baths have been entirely dismantled of their magnificent columns and splendid marbles; but the great hall of these, the *Pinacotheca*, as it was called—has been converted into a church by Michael Angelo; and the superb granite columns, each hewn out of a single block, 43 feet in height, still remain as they stood in the days of Dioclesian; supporting the ancient entablature, which is very rich, and in the highest preservation.

This magnificent hall is now the church of *S. Maria degli Angeli*;—the work of Michael Angelo. The form of the church is the Greek cross; so much more favourable than the Latin, for displaying at one *coup d'œil* all the grandeur

of the building. This church shows what St. Peter's would have been, if Michael Angelo's plan had been followed; and it is by far the finest church in Rome—except St. Peter's, which must always be incomparable.

In this church is buried Salvator Rosa.

In my way home I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed;—on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life seemed yet to linger.* The members of different fraternities followed the bier—dressed in the robes of their orders—and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax;—but I was soon

* It is a general custom in Italy to paint the faces of the dead; and the ladies seem to agree with Pope's Narcissa:

“One would not sure look frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red!”

convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature;—cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities, which are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino, and hood; which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted, with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, while, from feelings of duty, they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But, ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod, as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves when they regard the body—deprived of the soul that animated and the mind that informed it—as no more a part of the departed spirit, than the

clothes which it has also left behind.—The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that this mortal husk can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral service is concluded, the corpse is stripped, and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults, underneath the churches, for the reception of the dead. Those who can afford it, are put into a wooden shell, before they are cast into one of these Golgothas ; —but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and, after fifty years, it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places, prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life ;—with respect to the first act—our own conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children, till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. 'To this frightful custom one may attribute the want of strength and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable.

27th. Made a tour of palaces ;—splendid and useless. The owners live in a few obscure rooms, and the magnificent galleries are deserted. One of the most superb saloons is at the Colonna Pa-

lace.—A fine picture of *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, by S. Rosa. In another wing is poor *Beatrice Cenci*, by Guido ;—taken the night before her execution. It is a charming countenance ;—full of sweetness, innocence and resignation. Her step-mother hangs near her, by whose counsel, and that of her confessor, she was instigated to prevent an incest, by the “ sacrifice ” of her father ;—but that which she thought a sacrifice, was converted by her enemies into a “ murder ; ”—and she lost her head by the hand of the executioner.

Doria Palace. Large collection of pictures ;—*Gaspar Poussin's* green landscapes have no charms for me. The fact seems to be, that the delightful green of nature cannot be represented in a picture. Our own Glover has perhaps made the greatest possible exertions to surmount the difficulty, and give with fidelity the real colours of Nature ;—but I believe the beauty of his pictures is in an inverse ratio to their fidelity ;—and his failure affords an additional proof, that Nature must be stripped of her green livery, and dressed in the *browns* of the painters, or confined to her own autumnal tints, in order to be transferred to the canvass. *Cain and Abel*, by Salvator ;—Rubens' picture of his wife ;—a *Magdalen*, by

Murillo ;—and a superb landscape, by Claude ;—are all excellent in their way.

Corsini Palace. Here too is an excellent collection of pictures. An *Ecce Homo*, by Guercino ;—*Prometheus*, by Salvator Rosa :—*Herodias's Daughter*, by Guido ;—and *Susannah*, by Domenichino ;—are all supereminently good. This last is an exquisite picture ; but it is, in fact, one of the nymphs, transplanted from his famous *Chase of Diana*, with the beauties a little heightened and embellished.

Here you see an old senatorial chair, which is a curious sample of antiquity ; and resembles closely that low, round-backed chair, with a triangular seat, which we often see occupying a chimney-corner in England.

Close to the Corsini Palace, is *La Farnesina*. Here is the famous *Galatea* of Raphael in fresco ;—but the more I see of fresco, the more I am inclined to believe that to paint in fresco is to throw away time and labour. The ceilings are covered with the history of Cupid and Psyche, painted from the designs of Raphael, by his scholars :—and on one of the walls is preserved a spirited sketch of a head in crayons, by Michael Angelo.

Sciarra Palace. The collection small but good,

A portrait by Raphael;—Titian's Family, by himself;—and *Modesty and Vanity*, by Leonardo da Vinci, are the most striking pictures. Da Vinci seems to have been desperately enamoured of the smile which he has given to *Vanity*;—some traces of which will be found in almost all the female faces that he has painted. I ought not to forget two beautiful Magdalens, by Guido, standing opposite to each other, at full length, in the innermost chamber.

28th. Another round of palaces. In the *Spada* there are some fine landscapes, by Salvator: but the great curiosity here, is the colossal statue of Pompey; which is said to be the very statue at the base of which—"Great Cæsar fell;"—though the objection to a naked heroic statue, as the representative of a Roman senator, is, perhaps, fatal to its identity;—and then, the holding the globe in his hand, is not in *republican* taste;—this action speaks the language of a *master* of the world, and brings the statue down to the days of the empire. But this does not solve the difficulty; and if we determine that it cannot be Pompey, we shall be again at a loss to find an owner for it amongst the emperors.

Palace of the Pope. The residence of the Pope is on Monte Cavallo;—an immense pile of build-

ing; but the apartments of the Pope occupy a very small part of it. The gardens are delicious, with shady evergreen walks, that must be delightful in summer, as affording a complete protection against the sun. The whole circuit of the gardens is at least a mile.

The wing of the palace through which we were shown, had been fitted up for the King of Rome;—" *Sic vos non vobis*"—and the furniture does credit to the taste and skill of Roman upholsterers. It is now set apart for the reception of the Emperor of Austria. The pictures are good. *The Annunciation*, by Guido, in the chapel, is in the sweetest style of this sweet painter;—but Guido's Mary, sweet as she is, will never do, after the Mary of Raphael;—and then, the eternal blue mantle in which Guido wraps his females, reminds one of the favourite "sky-blue attitude" of lady Pentweazle. *A Resurrection*, by Vandyke, affords ample proof that his excellence was not limited to portraits.

In the square before the palace, are the marble horses with their attendant figures, which some suppose to be Castor and Pollux;—while others tell you, that the one is a copy from the other, and that it is the representation of Alexander and

Bucephalus. When there is so little to fix a story, it is more reasonable to suppose that no story was intended.

If we may believe the inscriptions, which are as old as Constantine, in whose baths these statues were found, they are the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. They are full of spirit and expression;—but are not the men out of proportion? They appear better able to carry the horses, than the horses would be to carry them. The Egyptian obelisk, which is placed between them, was brought hither, at an enormous expense, by Pius VI. from the mausoleum of Augustus; and as this was done at a time when the poor of Rome were suffering very much from distress, the following sentence, taken from Scripture, was placarded underneath the obelisk:

“Di che queste pietre divengano pani.”

This was surely *mal-à-propos*; for Pius VI. could not well have adopted a better mode of supplying the poor with bread, than by furnishing them with employment.

Rospigliosi Palace. Here is the famous *Aurora* of Guido. There are no traces to confine the horses to the carriage. Apollo has the reins in one hand, and is laying fast hold of the back of

the car with the other; as well he may—to prevent the horses dragging him from his seat.

Barberini Palace. This is the residence of the Ex-King and Queen of Spain, and the Prince of the Peace; whose influence is as omnipotent here as in the palace of the Escorial. Large collection of pictures. But let the description of one suffice;—*Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.* The expression of intense passion on the countenance of the female is wonderful, and every limb is full of meaning; “there’s language in the eye, the cheek, the lip—nay, the foot speaks;”—and such a foot! She has, in her struggles to detain Joseph, planted one of her naked feet upon his, and the painter has contrived to exhibit, in the voluptuous disorder of her figure, the thrilling sensation communicated by this casual contact.

29th. Amongst the most striking ornaments of Rome, are the fountains;—not only for the architectural designs that embellish them, but for the prodigality of water, which they pour out in all parts of the town. The effect of these, in summer, must be delightfully refreshing, from the sensations of coolness which running water always communicates. The fountain of *Trevi* is, perhaps, the most magnificent.—It is here that *Corinne* came, to enjoy her own contemplations by moon-

light, when she was suddenly startled by seeing the reflection of *Oswald* in the water. I doubt whether this could have happened;—it is certainly a glorious scene by moon-light—but the basin of water is always in a ruffled, troubled state, from the cascades that tumble into it; which prevent it from reflecting any object distinctly.

The design of the fountain of *Acqua Felice* is admirable. Moses is striking the rock in the desert, and the water obeys his wand. The figure of Moses is colossal, and very spirited;—and if ever a colossal statue can be rendered pleasing, it is in some such situation as this.

30th. A morning in the *Pantheon*.—Whoever comes to the Pantheon with expectations excited by engravings, will most assuredly be disappointed;—and yet, it is a noble portico; perhaps too grand for the temple to which it leads. This is the most perfect of all the remains of antiquity. Formerly the temple of all the Gods, it has been since dedicated to all the Saints;—and the great and invisible Spirit—the source of all things—is, perhaps, as little in the contemplation of the modern, as of the ancient worshippers of the Pantheon.

The open sky-light, communicating at once with the glorious firmament, and letting in a

portion of the great vault of the heavens, produces a sublime effect. It is as if it were the eye of the Divinity—imparting light and life—and penetrating the most secret thoughts of those that repair to his altar. The Pantheon has been stripped of every thing that could be taken away, to furnish materials for the embellishment of St. Peter's; but it has been less deformed by what has been subtracted, than by the frightful addition of two ugly towers—the work of Bernini, under the auspices of Urban VIII. It is now made the receptacle of monuments to those who have deserved well of their country, and contributed to sustain the reputation of Italy.* Raphael's bust

* Most of these have been supplied by the chisel, or the purse of Canova;—whose enthusiasm for the arts, and whose munificent patronage of younger artists, are too well known to need any praise from me. If I have presumed to question the supremacy of his merit as a sculptor, it is impossible not to admire the man.

There seems to be something in the air of Rome that inspires her artists with a portion of the old Roman feeling. Thorwaldson, on being applied to by the King of Prussia, to execute some considerable work, objected that there was at that time in Rome an artist of great merit, one of his majesty's own subjects—*Shadoff*, since distinguished by his *Spinning Girl*—who he humbly conceived would be a fitter object for the King's patronage.

In the same taste, Camuccini purchased for fifty louis, a picture which a former pupil had brought to him as the first fruits of his pencil; Camuccini then bade him take his

is here, with the epitaph of Cardinal Bembo, of which Pope has availed himself so fully in his Epitaph on Kneller ;

Ille est hic Raphael timuit quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna Parens, et moriente mori.

In my way from the Pantheon, to explore the site of the *Tarpeian Rock*, I passed through the region of the Jews ;—who are huddled together in one quarter of the town, and allowed to reside nowhere else. Here, too, they are locked up every night ; but—“suffering is the badge of all their tribe.” In spite of these strict measures of confinement, which, one would suppose, must tend still more to isolate the race, I thought the features of these Jews did not exhibit so strongly that peculiar and distinctive physiognomy, which is so striking in England, where they have every facility of crossing the breed.

It is not easy to determine the exact site of the *Tarpeian Rock* ;—or, at least, of that part of it from whence criminals were flung ;—and, when you have ascertained the spot, as nearly as it can

picture to the Pope, knowing that he could not have afforded to present it unpaid for. The consequence of the present was, an appointment, and subsequent patronage—in short, the making of his pupil's fortune.

be done, you will be more disappointed than by any thing else in Rome. Where shall we find any traces of Seneca's description of it? "*Stat moles abscissa in profundum, frequentibus exasperata saxis, quæ aut elidunt corpus, aut de integro gravius impellant; inhorrent scopulis enascentibus latera, et immensæ altitudinis aspectus.*" There is absolutely nothing at all of all this—the only precipice that remains is one of about thirty feet, from the point of a wall, where you might leap down, on the dung-mixen in the yard below, without any fear of broken bones.

It is not surprising that the great wreck of old Rome should have so destroyed the features of the Capitoline Hill. Besides, the character of the ground below is completely changed; and the *Campus Martius*, which was at the foot of the Tarpeian Rock—into which the mangled bodies fell—is now, like the rock itself, covered with the modern town.

From hence we drove to the *Catacombs*. These dreary and deserted regions were once filled with thousands of martyrs. The ecclesiastical writers say that 170,000 were buried here; and it is not incredible; for the extent of these caverns is six miles. But the Catacombs are now empty; the bones have been carried all over Christendom,

for the edification of the pious ;—and there must have been enough, in this mine of martyrs, to furnish relics to the whole world.

31st. On this last day of the year, there was a grand ceremony at the church of the Jesuits ;—to sing out the old year—to offer up thanksgivings for all past blessings—and to solicit a renewal of them in the year to come. The crowd was immense ; and the ceremony very impressive. There is a principle of equality in Catholic congregations, more consonant with the spirit of that religion which teaches that God is no respecter of persons, than the practice which prevails in our own church ;—where the greatest distinction is made between the accommodations of rich and poor. The former are carefully separated from the contamination of the latter, into pews ; where every thing is provided that luxury can suggest to render the postures of public worship as little inconvenient as possible. In the Catholic congregations, there are no such invidious distinctions ;—the rich and the poor kneel down together, on the same marble floor ;—as children of the same Parent—to ask the same blessings, from their common Benefactor. All the congregation joined in the chant of thanksgiving, and I was deeply impressed by the touching so-

lemnity of the ceremony. There is always something affecting in a large concourse of people participating in the same emotion—the feeling is heightened by the contagion of sympathy, and wound up to enthusiasm by the influence of numbers.

And so much for the year 1817. It has been to me, like most of its predecessors—"woven of a mingled yarn;"—much time lost in unavailing hope, and more saddened with the gloom of disappointment. For the Future:—I leave it with humble confidence to the great Disposer of all things, in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

CHAPTER IV.

New Year's Day—The Pope's Chapel—Italian Women—
Michael Angelo—Modern Capitol—Mamertine Prisons—
Canova—Thorwaldson—Vatican—Sculpture—Paintings.

January 1st, 1818. THE new year opened with a dark and dreary morning—foreboding disaster and disappointment;—but, “we defy augury!”

Went to mass in the private chapel of the Pope, in his palace on Monte Cavallo. The most striking trait in the appearance of the venerable Pius VII. is his black hair, wholly unmixed with grey. There is a piety and sincerity in his demeanour that conciliate respect, in spite of the mummerly that surrounds him.

But, let the character of the Pope be what it may, the part he is called upon to act must identify him with Lord Peter;—of whom I was reminded incessantly; particularly when the priest, who preached, previously to the delivery of his sermon, prostrated himself at the Pontiff's feet, to kiss the papal slipper.*

* Eustace endeavours to furnish at once a reason and an excuse for this strange ceremonial, by explaining, that it is to the *Cross*, embroidered on the slipper, that this homage

It would be difficult to imagine such a scene as the Pope's chapel—

“ Never I ween
 “ In any body's recollection,
 “ Was such a party seen
 “ For genuflection.”

If it were literally represented in a Protestant country, it would be regarded as a burlesque; as far beyond nature, as King Arthur, with his courtiers Doodle and Noodle;—but Noodle and Doodle, with all their bowing and head-shaking, would cease to be ridiculous in the Pope's chapel. Just two such personages were in attendance upon the Pope, during the whole of the ceremony, to arrange the different changes in the order of his petticoats, and to take off and put on his tiara, as

is really paid. But we are naturally led to inquire, what business the Cross has in such a situation?

The indefatigable Middleton, who traces up every popish custom to some heathen original, contends that this observance was copied from the example of Caligula; who, according to Seneca, introduced this Persian fashion; and, to the indignation of all Rome, presented *his foot to be kissed*;—“*absoluto et gratias agenti porrexit osculandum sinistram pedem.*” The excuse which Caligula's friends made for him is curious enough;—and though not quite so good as Eustace's, is perhaps not very unlike it:—“*Qui excusant, negant id insolentiæ causa factum; aiunt socculum auratum, imo aureum, margaritis distinctum ostendere eum voluisse.*” Senec. de Benef. l. 2. 12.

the service required :—for it would be contrary to all etiquette, that the Pope should do any thing for himself; and he cannot even blow his nose without the help of one of his attendant cardinals.

The whole of the conclave were present, each supported by his train-bearer, or tail-twister :—and this office is no sinecure; for on some occasions, the train of Lord knows how many ells, is to be spread out like a peacock's tail, and, at others, it is to be twisted up as close as a cart-horse's; in order that their Eminences may take the corner under their arms, and move about at their pleasure.

Cardinal * * sat amongst the rest—sleek and sly—looking like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He was conspicuous in the mummery of his part, and so expert in the posture exercise, that he might act as *Flugelman* to the whole corps of cardinals. There is something in his demeanour, which, like an overacted part, excited observation;—a lurking devil in his eye, that seemed to peep out in spite of him.

Pomp and mummery, in a civil or military dress, are fatiguing and ridiculous;—but, when associated with religion, they become disgusting. What a strange idea of the Deity must have first suggested this homage of postures and prostra-

tions ! If a Chinese had been present, he might well have concluded that the Pope was the God of this strange worship ;—and indeed I doubt whether, on this occasion, the thoughts of many were elevated nearer to heaven than the *popedom*. But I repeat, that it is impossible not to feel respect for the venerable Pius. The man who is in earnest—especially in religion—can never be an object of ridicule ; and far be it from me to judge another man's servant, or condemn the fashion of my neighbour's piety, in whatever shape it may dress itself. But, without ridiculing *piety*, the eccentricities and perversities of human nature have ever been fair game ; and I hope we may laugh at each other's absurdities, without giving offence, and with common benefit to all parties.

Consalvi, the Pope's prime minister ;—a shrewd, intelligent, well-looking man. As he passed out of chapel, a well-dressed person in the courtyard, threw himself upon his knees before him, and *Consalvi*, as if he thought the man had some petition to present, advanced towards him ; but when he found that his only object was to kiss his hand, he put him aside ; being, as it is said, very impatient of all such public demonstrations of homage.

In the evening, we went to a party at *Torlonia's*, the banker ;—or, as he now is—the Duke

of Bracciano. A suite of rooms was thrown open, in which a mob of people wandered about, without object or amusement. Such a scene could afford little insight into Italian manners, even if the mob were composed exclusively of Italians—but, at present, two-thirds at least of the company at every party, are English. Rooms hot;—Music miserable;—as to music, I have heard nothing tolerable, vocal or instrumental, since I left England.

2d. It is time to record my impressions of the manners, and general appearance of the people;—but I fear I have but little to record. All the world knows that the Italians are a polite and civil people, and universally courteous and obliging to strangers. The education of the men is much neglected; and I believe it would not be difficult to find a Roman prince who could neither read nor write;—nor is it surprising, where there are no public objects of ambition to stimulate improvement, that the mere desire of knowledge should be insufficient to counteract the indolence so natural to man. The women are in the grandest style of beauty. The general character of their figure is the majestic;—they move about with the inceding tread of Juno. The physiognomy of the Italian woman bears the stamp of the most lively sensibility, and explains her character at a glance.

Voluptuousness is written in every feature; but it is that serious and enthusiastic expression of passion—the farthest removed from frivolity—which promises as much constancy as ardour; and to which Love is—not the capricious trifling gallantry of an hour of idleness—but the serious and sole occupation of life. There is an expression of energy and sublimity, which bespeaks a firmness of soul, and elevation of purpose, equal to all trials;—but this expression is too often mingled with a look of ferocity, that is very repulsive. Black hair and black sparkling eyes, with dark olive complexions, are the common characteristics of Italian physiognomy. A *blonde* is a rarity;—the black eye, however, is not always bright and sparkling; it is sometimes set off with the soft melting languishment peculiar to its rival blue, and this, by removing all expression of fierceness, takes away every thing that interferes with the bewitching fascination of an Italian beauty. Much has been said of the laxity of their morals;—however this be, there is so much attention paid to external decorum, that the *Ruffiano* is an officer in general use throughout Italy, to arrange preliminaries, which in other places would not require any inter-

mediate negociation. It is, I believe, from the lying pretensions of these Mercuries, who have the impudence to offer themselves as the bearers of proposals to any woman, of any rank, that erroneous impressions have been received on this subject;—as if it were possible to believe that any woman, above the condition of absolute want, would surrender at discretion to the offers of a stranger. Still, however, the very lies of a Ruffiano must have some foundation; and indeed the existence of such a degrading profession is a sufficient evidence of a lamentable state of society.

3d. Sat an hour in the Sistine chapel—before Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*. The choice of the subject shows the nature of his genius, which nothing could daunt. The figure of Christ is sublimely conceived. If Forsyth had called this—*The Apollo of Painting*—the expression would have perhaps been better applied, than to the *St. Michael* of Guido, which Smollett describes, with some truth, as exhibiting the “airs of a French dancing master!” The frightful calm of despair is admirably expressed in one of the condemned, leaning on his elbow—who is so abstracted in mental suffering, as to be utterly unconscious of

the dæmons who are dragging him down to hell. Smollett, whose criticisms are often just, talks of the *confusion* of the picture, and calls it “a mere mob without keeping, subordination, or repose :” —repose in the last judgment !—when the trumpet is sounding—the graves opening—and the dead awakening ! I fear the *confusion* was in his mind —especially, when, to illustrate the effect which the picture produced upon him, he confounds two things so different—as a number of instruments in a concert—and a number of people talking at the same time. The keeping of the picture is admirable, and all is in subordination to the figure of the Saviour. Nothing can be more sublime than the action of this figure—delivering the dreadful sentence of condemnation—“Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire !” By the way ; I am obliged to an artist for pointing out to me what, I think, would not easily be perceived ;—that the Saviour is *sitting down*. The picture has been so much injured by time and cleaning, that, as the light now falls on it, the figure appears to be standing up. Every body has noticed the solecism of introducing into this picture a personage from the Heathen Mythology ;—*Charon* is employed in ferrying over the bodies. Michael Angelo pro-

bably followed Dante, without thinking much about the matter ;—

“ Caron, dimonio, con occhi di bragia,

“ Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie,

“ Batte col remo qualunque s’ adagia.”

The skeletons are *re-fleshing* themselves, which—in the representation at least—has something shocking, if not ridiculous. After all, however—this famous picture is gone ;—it is a ruin ; and what is the ruin of a painting ? The soul of beauty may still linger in the remains of architectural ruins, amidst broken entablatures, tottering pillars and falling arches ;—but when the colours of a painting are faded—it is lost for ever ;—nothing is left but a remnant of canvass, or a few square feet of mortar. The Last Judgment is fast approaching to this state ; though it may still remain, for some time, a school of technical excellencies to the artist, who is in pursuit of professional instruction.—If there were no other argument for preferring oil painting to fresco, surely, this single circumstance of durability is sufficient to turn the scale :—and yet Michael Angelo said, that oil painting was only fit occupation for boys, and women.

It may be sacrilege to say any thing to de-

preciate the merit of Michael Angelo—but, I suspect, his reputation was obtained by the universality of his talents, rather than their separate excellence. He was an original genius, and his great merit seems to be, that he was *the first* to introduce a taste for the grand, and the sublime. He was, as Sir Joshua Reynolds describes him, the exalted father and founder of modern art; but, while he excelled in grandeur of style, and truth of design, he was, surely, too disdainful of the auxiliary ornaments of colouring, which are essential to the perfection of the art. If he is to be judged by his works—can he be compared to Raphael in painting, or to John of Bologna in sculpture? His *Moses*, which is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, is to me any thing but sublime. I would propose these doubts to the consideration of those more learned than myself—though with the fear of Quintilian's sentence before my eyes:—“*Modeste tamen, et circumspecto judicio, de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne, quod plerisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.*”

Notwithstanding the unbounded and almost extravagant praises which Sir Joshua lavishes in his discourses, on the grand, chaste, severe style of Michael Angelo; it is remarkable that the

doctrines he has inculcated by his pen are not supported by his pencil. It may, therefore, perhaps, be doubted, whether the doctrines he laid down were not adopted from *authority*, rather than the real dictates of his own understanding;—for the understanding may become the slave of authority, almost without knowing it;—and the proof of it is, that his own taste and discernment led him to depart from them in practice, and to indulge in all that witchery of colours, and exquisite management of *chiaro-scuro*, which constitute so great a part of the charm of his pictures.

In returning through the Pauline Chapel, I was shocked to see a picture to commemorate—what the Catholics ought of all others to wish forgotten—the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

4th. Lounged through the *Capitol*;—the work of Michael Angelo, on the site of the ancient *Capitol*. It is opened to the public, as well as the Vatican, on Sundays and Thursdays. It contains an almost inexhaustible mine of antique curiosities. There is a very full and complete collection of imperial busts, which would furnish an amusing study to a physiognomist. The histories of their lives may be read in many of their faces, particularly in those of Nero, Caligula, Caracalla, and Maxi-

min; Germanicus, Vespasian, and Titus. Nature has written these characters too plainly to be mistaken. There are some exceptions. In Julius Cæsar, instead of the open generous expression, which the magnanimity and clemency of his character would lead you to expect; you find a narrow contraction of muscles, that would suit the features of a miser; and in Heliogabalus, the swinish temperament, which is generally very strongly marked, does not appear.

It will require repeated visits, to examine minutely all the treasures of the Capitol. Perhaps there is nothing more curious or interesting than the maps of old Rome, engraved on stone, which served as the ancient pavement of the Temple of Remus. There is one fragment still extant, which is marked in these maps, just as it now stands—the grand entrance to the Portico of Octavia, now called *la Peschiera*. The front columns, which are Corinthian, and of beautifully white marble, with their entablature and inscription, are entire;—but the filth of a Roman fish-market makes it almost inaccessible. Amongst the statues in the Capitol, I was most struck with, a *Cupid* with his Bow—*The Hecuba*—*Cupid and Psyche*—a head of *Alexander*—a bust of *Marcus Aurelius* when a boy—

the famous *Dying Gladiator*—and last, though it should have been placed first and foremost in beauty—the beautiful *Antinous*—who is always hanging down his head as if he felt ashamed of himself—

“Sed frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu.”

This is a charming statue, and, considered merely as an exhibition of the beauty of the male figure, superior perhaps to the Apollo itself.

The *Gladiator* is another instance of M. Angelo's great skill in restoring;—he has contributed an arm, a foot, the upper lip, and the tip of the nose. Antiquaries dispute whether this is the representation of a dying warrior, or a dying gladiator;—a question that can only be interesting to antiquaries;—to me it is sufficient that it is a dying *Man*.

The *Palace of the Conservators* forms part of the Capitol. Here is the famous bronze wolf, which has afforded so much discussion to antiquaries, to determine what wolf it is. Those must have better eyes than mine who can discover the marks of lightning, which seem to be necessary to identify it with Cicero's wolf; but, I think, one may safely say that there are the traces of gilding. Two brazen Ducks—for the Roman geese, instead

of being expanded into swans, dwindle to the size of widgeons—are also of high antiquity, and appear to be cackling as if the Gauls were again within hearing. A bronze bust of the elder *Brutus* exhibits in the most strongly written characters, the stern inexorable severity of his disposition. Amongst the modern sculpture, is a bust of Michael Angelo, by himself. If he were judged by the laws of physiognomy, it would go hard with him;—but some allowance must be made for the accident of his nose, which, they tell you, was flattened by a blow from a rival's mallet. The collection of pictures has not much to boast of. There is a small picture by Salvator of a Sorceress, in his wildest and most romantic style.

Michael Angelo has given us too a picture of himself, which does not convey a more favourable idea of his countenance, than is afforded by the bust.

5th. An invitation from Prince Kaunitz;—the Austrian Ambassador. Our valet de place tells us that we owe this to him; he says that when an ambassador gives a fête, his servants distribute tickets to all the valets de place who are in employment, as the readiest way of getting at the strangers who may happen to be at Rome;—and the English in Rome are invited to every thing.

7th. Went to Cardinal Fesch's, who has the best and most extensive collection of pictures in Rome. His chaplain acted as Cicerone. The whole house was thrown open. Madame, Napoleon's mother, inhabits one floor. In the cardinal's bed-room is a splendid bust of Napoleon in porcelain, crowned with a golden chaplet of laurel. Here, too, is the cream of the collection. A *Magdalen*, by Vandyke, is particularly striking. The *Magdalen* is generally a voluptuous woman, whose "loose hair and lifted eye" express just enough of grief to make her beauties more interesting;—but in this of Vandyke, there is the most affecting contrition, and the eyes are red with weeping.

St. Peter in the high-priest's kitchen, by *Honthorst*, or, as the Italians call him, from an inability to grapple with such a cacophonous name, *Gerardo della Notte*, is a splendid specimen of the skill of the Dutch school in the management of light and shadow. The flaring light of the torches has all the effect of reality. The whole collection amounts to 1,300 pictures—far too many for a single morning. It is rich in the works of Rubens; and if Rubens' powers of conception, and skill in execution, had been combined with

taste, he would have deserved one of the highest pedestals in the temple of painting;—but he cannot get out of Holland; all his figures, particularly the females, savour strongly of a Dutch kitchen.

Here is a superb assortment of Dutch pieces;—and if painting consisted alone of high finishing and exactness of execution, the Dutch would deserve to be exalted above all their rivals;—but painting is as much an art of the mind, as of the hand, and the poetical qualifications are of quite as much importance as the mechanical. There is just enough of Guido and Carlo Dolci. The pictures of the first have been termed the *honey*, and those of the last may perhaps be called the *treacle* of painting.—Too much saccharine is always cloying.

8th. Descended into the Mamertine prisons; which consist at present of two small dungeons. This prison was built by *Ancus Martius*;—“*Carc-
cer ad terrorem increscentis audaciæ, mediâ urbe,
imminens foro, ædificatur.*” The subterraneous part was added by *Servius Tullius*; and thence called *Tullianum*. It was here, in these condemned cells, that we learn from *Sallust* the *Catiline* conspirators were confined and executed.

Nothing can show the difference between the ancient and modern systems of government more strongly than the limited size of this prison, compared with the innumerable jails that now abound in every quarter of Europe;—and yet this was the only prison in old Rome :

—— “ Sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.”

A habeas corpus bill becomes, indeed, an object of importance, when the prisons of a kingdom contain accommodations for thousands of its inhabitants. St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in the same dungeon where Lentulus had been before them ;—at least, so your guide will tell you—and how can you refuse to believe him, when he shows you the remains of two miracles to confirm his testimony? St. Peter, it seems, knocked his head against the wall, and instead of the usual consequence—bruising his head—he indented the wall ; and in the solid rock you now see a tolerable impression of his features. Again—during his confinement, many converts came to be baptized, and Peter, being in want of water, caused a fountain to spring up in the centre of the dungeon—which still remains.

In the evening we went to the Italian comedy, which was so tiresome that we could not endure more than one scene. We drove afterwards to the opera. The theatre large and handsome;—six tiers of boxes. The seats in the pit are numbered, and divided off separately with elbows:—so that you may take any one of them in the morning, and secure it for the whole evening. Some plan of this kind would surely be a great improvement in our own theatres. The dancing was bad, and the singing worse. A set of burlesque dancers amused us afterwards, by aping the *pirouettes* of the others. The dancing of the stage gives but too much foundation for such caricatures. It is daily becoming less elegant, as the difficult is substituted for the graceful. What can be more disgusting than to see the human figure twirling round with the legs at right angles? In such an attitude, “Man delights not me nor woman neither.” All postures to be graceful should be easy and natural, and what can be more unnatural than this?

9th. Went for the third time to Canova’s *Studio*; who has, perhaps, attained a reputation beyond his merits. There is much grace in his works, but the effect is too often spoiled by an affected prettiness, or a theatrical display. There

is a finical fashionable air about his female figures, and his men are all attitudinarians. He is too fond of borrowing from the ancients. This is to be lamented, for it does not seem to be necessary for him to borrow; and his best works perhaps are those in which he has borrowed least; as the *Hercules and Lichas*, *Dædalus and Icarus*, which he finished at 18, the *Cupid and Psyche*, and the *Venus and Adonis*.

But you can too often trace every limb and feature to its corresponding prototype in the antique. This is pitiful. It is no excuse to say that all the beautiful attitudes have been forestalled, and that repetition is necessary. There certainly is nothing new under the sun; but invention is displayed in a new *arrangement* of the same materials; and the human figure may be varied, in its attitudes and contours, *ad infinitum*.

Chloris awakened is an exquisite performance;—but it is plain that Canova's mind was full of the Hermaphrodite, when he modelled it. The introduction of the Cupid is well imagined, as a sort of excuse for the attitude. It is impossible to look at this recumbent nymph, without admiring the delicate finishing of the sculptor, but one cannot applaud the taste of the design. The expression of

the whole is scarcely within the bounds of decency;—for it is the expression, and not the nudity of a statue, “the disposition, and not the exposition of the limbs,” upon which this depends; and it is a prostitution of sculpture to make it subservient to the gratification of voluptuousness.

This criticism may however perhaps savour of squeamishness;—for while we were admiring the exquisite finishing of Canova’s chisel, a young Italian lady with a party joined us, who was thrown into an extasy of admiration by the charms of Chloris’s figure; and she patted the jutting beauties with delight, exclaiming—while she looked round to us for confirmation of her opinion—*Bella cosa! Bella cosa! O che bella cosa!*

It is curious to see the progress of a statue, from the rough block of marble, to the last *ad unguem* finish; which is all that is done by the master hand. The previous labour is merely mechanical, and may be done by a common workman from the model of the sculptor.

The *Venus and Adonis* is full of simplicity, grace, and tenderness.

The *Cupid and Psyche* is a charming composition, but Psyche’s hair looks as if it had been dressed by a French friseur.

There is much to admire in the group of *The Graces*;—but there is also much of that finical prettiness of which I complain. They are three pretty simpletons—with the *niminy-piminy* airs of a fashionable boarding school;—there is *silliness* without *simplicity*;—and no two qualities can be more opposite.

Again—there is a trickery and quackery in the finishing of Canova's statues, which is below the dignity of a sculptor. The marble is not left in its natural state—but it must be stained and polished to aid the effect. The other sculptors laugh at this, and well they may;—for these adventitious graces soon fade away, and are beside the purpose of sculpture, whose end was, and is, to represent *form* alone.

10th. With the most lively recollection of Canova, I went this morning to examine the *Studio* of Thorwaldson, a Danish sculptor;—whose works are much more to my fancy. There is a freshness and originality in his designs, guided by the purest taste. What can be more elegant and beautiful than his Basso-Relievo of *Night*? His *Venus victrix* approaches nearer than any modern statue to the Venus de Medicis. There is a *Shepherd* too, which is a delightful specimen

of simplicity and nature ;—and the charm of these statues is, that while they emulate, they have not borrowed any thing from the works of the ancients.

A bust of Lord Byron—a good likeness.

11th. Removed from the Via degli otto Cantoni to the Piazza Mignanelli. The fatigue of mounting 104 steps after a morning's excursion was intolerable ;—to say nothing of the fish-stalls, and the other noises of the Corso ; amongst which, I was not a little surprised by a daily morning serenade from the odious squeaking bag-pipe. Who could have expected to meet this instrument so far from Scotland ?—and yet it is indigenous in this land of music, that is, in the more southern part of it—in Calabria.

Walked on the Pincian Hill ; where the French constructed an excellent promenade. Here all the beauty and fashion of Rome resort, when the weather is fine, to parade, either in their equipages, or on foot, and discuss the gossip and tittle-tattle of the town.

The day was beautiful, and the elastic purity of the air has given me an agreeable foretaste of the charms of an Italian spring. Pauline, the Princess Borghese, was on the walk, with a bevy of admirers ;—as smart and pretty a little bantam figure

as can be imagined. She bears a strong resemblance to her brother Napoleon; and her genius seems also to partake of the same character, and to scorn the restrictions of ordinary rules.

The symmetry of her figure is very striking, and she once sat, if that be the phrase, to Canova; who modelled her statue as a *Venus victrix* lying on a couch. This statue is now at the Borghese palace, but it is kept under lock and key, and cannot be seen without a special order from Pauline herself.

12th. Sudden change in the weather.—Excessive cold.—Thermometer in the shade at 29.—Passed the morning in the Vatican, of which I have as yet said nothing, for the subject is almost inexhaustible. The extent of this vast palace may be collected from the number of rooms contained in it, which are said to amount to eleven thousand.

The library is one of the largest in the world; but a stranger has no time to examine its treasures. Amongst the curiosities they show is the famous treatise on the seven sacraments, in the handwriting of Henry VIII., which that orthodox prince sent to the Pope, with this distich;—

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiae.

Here also you see many curious relics of Roman furniture, with a sample of their household gods, which are the queerest little things in the world; and if *Æneas's* were not on a larger scale, he might have carried away a hundred of them—in his pocket,

The galleries of Raphael are so called from the famous fresco ceilings, which were painted by him and his scholars. The whole history of the Bible is depicted on the ceilings of these galleries, beginning with the creation of the world. Such a subject must fail in any hands—for what pencil can delineate the great Spirit? Raphael has done as much as painter could do, but it is impossible for a finite mind to imagine infinity, or give a suitable form to that Being who has neither beginning nor end. It is *Montaigné*, I believe, who says that if every animal were to draw a picture of the Divinity, each would clothe him in its own figure; and a negro painter would, I presume, certainly give him a black complexion. Such personifications and representations would at once appear to us in the highest degree ridiculous; but perhaps it is only one degree less so, to see him under the figure of an old man, with a long beard, as Raphael has done it, with all his limbs at work, separating

the elements with bodily energy. Eustace finds fault with the figure, and points out the inferiority of this corporeal exertion, to the sublime description of Moses. No one will deny that the description of the Almighty *fiat*,—"Let there be light, and there was light"—conveys a more sublime idea to the mind, than the picture of the painter;—but this is not the painter's fault; he cannot speak to the mind by the alphabet. His language is in his brush, and he must *represent*, and not *describe*; and I know not how he could *represent* the action of the creation otherwise than by making the Creator corporeally at work. It would not do to place him in tranquil majesty, with a scroll appended to his mouth, as we see in some old pictures, inscribed with—*γενεσθω φως, και εγενετο*—"Let there be light, and light was." The only fault then is the choice of the subject; and for this Raphael is not answerable. He was ordered to represent the whole scripture history, and the creation was too important a part to be omitted. But let future painters profit by Raphael's failure—and let no one hereafter venture to personify that great first Cause, which "passeth all understanding."

The *Chambers of Raphael* are those which were

painted by him in fresco; but these works are sharing the fate of all other frescos; it is grievous to witness the progress of decay—for the *School of Athens* deserves to be immortal.

There is now a small collection of oil paintings in the Vatican, composed of those which have been brought back from France: but which have not been restored to the places from whence they were taken. Amongst these are the *St. Jerome* of Domenichino, and the famous *Transfiguration* of Raphael. Of this picture so much has been said, that it is almost impossible to say more.

But I suspect this is a memorable instance of the disposition of mankind to follow the leader, and echo the praise which they do not understand, Painters have expressed more admiration than they felt, and the multitude have followed them without feeling any admiration at all.

The want of *unity* in the action is a fault that must strike every body, and Smollett is for getting rid of this by cutting the painting asunder, and thus making two pictures of it.

The *composition* of the picture—by which I suppose is meant the conception of the subject and the arrangement of the figures—is pointed

out by artists as its chief merit;—but this is an excellence rather to be felt by artists than common observers. It is the general effect alone that strikes the latter; and nothing can well be more disgusting than the figure of the *possessed*;—who is, however, rather than the Saviour, the prominent figure of the piece.

The colouring of the upper part of the picture, particularly in the countenance of the Saviour, is very defective; the head of Jesus has here none of that peculiar expression of benevolence, and more than human virtue, which are to be found in other pictures of him.

The *figure* however is beautifully managed—conveying the impression of that supernatural lightness which we associate with the idea of a “glorified body;”—but it is impossible to extend this admiration to the opera-dancing attitudes of Moses and Elias.

13th. Saw Camuccini's paintings—a living artist. The death of Virginia, the labour of fifteen years, painted for Lord Bristol, is a splendid picture. The modern artists of Italy, however, though in general excellent draftsmen, delight too much in glaring colours, and strong contrasts of

light and shadow; and their style of painting seems better calculated for the tea-board than the canvass.

Went in the evening with a large party, amongst whom was Thorwaldson, to see the Vatican by torch-light. This is absolutely necessary, if you wish to appreciate justly the merit of the statues. Many of them were found in baths, where light was not admitted. They were created therefore for torch-light as their proper element; and the variety of light and shade which is thus produced, heightens the effect prodigiously. There is something of the same kind of difference between the statues by day and by torch-light, as between a rehearsal in the morning and the lighted theatre in the evening.

I have endeavoured in vain to admire the Apollo as much as I did the Venus;—and yet, if it were the perfection of the male figure, one ought to admire it more: for sculptors agree that the male figure is the most beautiful subject for their art. But perhaps it is impossible to divest oneself entirely of all sexual associations;—and this may be the secret charm of the Venus.—The ladies, I believe, prefer the Apollo. By the way, I am surprised at the squeamishness which has induced

the ruling powers of Florence and Rome to deface the works of antiquity by the addition of a tin fig-leaf, which is fastened by a wire to all the male statues. One would imagine the Society for the Suppression of Vice had an affiliated establishment in Italy. Nothing can be more ridiculously prudish. That imagination must be deprived past all hope, that can find any prurient gratification in the cold chaste nakedness of an ancient marble. It is the fig-leaf alone that suggests any idea of indecency, and the effect of it is to spoil the statue. I was complaining loudly of this barbarous addition, when an Italian lady of the party assented to my criticism, and whispered in my ear—that I must come again in the *Autumn*. This taste has however become so fixed, that Canova now cuts a fig-leaf out of the original block, and it thus becomes an integral part of the statue.

It is pity that Canova's works are placed in the Vatican. The Perseus might have attracted admiration while the Apollo was at Paris—but Apollo is come back ;—and who could ever tolerate a copy by the side of the original ?

His Boxers have more spirit and originality ;—but is not Damoxenus's posture wrong ? Ought he not to have his left leg foremost ? As he

stands, his lunge is already made, whereas he is only preparing to lunge; but I am confusing the terms of fencing with those of boxing—and I leave this question to the decision of *the fancy*.

14th. The more I see of the antique statues, the more I am struck with the nature and simplicity which constitute their great charm. I have cited many instances, and it would be easy to add more;—for example, Posidippus and Menander sit in their arm-chairs, as they might be supposed to have done in their own studies, without losing an atom of force or expression by this repose. Ease is the consummation of art—"the last refinement of labour"—πολλης πειρας το τελειοτον επιγεννημα.

Canova, on the contrary, seems to have studied too much in the school of Michael Angelo. His muscles are all in action. His figures are struck out, as if they were conscious of the presence of spectators. There is always something in their attitude and expression, which there would not be if it were not for this consciousness;—just as it happens to second-rate actors, who are unable to preserve the simplicity of nature on the stage, but do every thing as if they were aware that an assembly of spectators were looking at them. The

statue of Phocion, one of the greatest, because one of the best men of antiquity, is a charming instance of that quiet modesty and simplicity of attitude, so appropriate to his character.

The head of Jupiter, and the noble statue of Nerva, in the round saloon, struck me much. Jove's head looks as if its nod might make Olympus tremble. Sublime divine majesty beams in every feature. By the way, it is impossible not to be struck with the strong likeness between the countenance of the *mild Jupiter*—the *Jupiter Optimus Maximus* of the Romans—and that of Christ, as it is represented by the great majority of Italian painters; whose pictures are so like one another that they seem to have been copied from some common original. It was, perhaps, this *beau idéal* of the Greeks which furnished them with the idea of their Christ;—and indeed, it would not be easy for the imagination of any painter to put together a set of features better adapted to the subject.

While Jupiter looks the king of the gods, Nerva, with a laurel chaplet on his brow, realizes all one's ideas of what the emperor of *men* ought to be. If the statue of Nerva were not so admirable that it would amount to high treason to remove it, this would clearly be the place for

the Apollo. He is very ill-placed where he is, cooped up as it were in a pen. For as the size is above the standard of life, it should be seen from a distance;—but this is impossible in the solitary cell where he is now confined.

The group of the Laocoon has no charms for me;—and I am not at all more disposed to admire it, because Pliny tells us that it was cut out of a single piece of marble. This may render it a greater *curiosity*—but nothing more. Laocoon's sons, too, are not boys, but little men; and there is something unhappy in the materials of which the group is composed, which have all the appearance of painted wood. Yet we collect from Pliny that this was considered as superior to any work of art, in sculpture or painting.*

As we find that these sculptors lived as early as the year of Rome 320, it is probable that Virgil took his description from this group; and indeed he has hit off the *expression* of the statue exactly,

* *Sicut in Laocoonte, qui est in Titi imperatoris domo, opus, omnibus et picturae et statuariae artis, antefendum; ex uno lapide, eum et liberos draconumque mirabiles nexu, de consilii sententia, fecere summi artifices Agesander, et Polydorus, et Athenodorus Rhodii.*

in his comparison of the cries of Laocoon to the bellowing of a bull—

Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :

Quales mugitus, fugit quum saucius aram

Taurus—

The ancients were as perfect in their representation of animals as of men ; and there are the most delightful specimens of this kind in the chambers of animals. But it would be endless, and indeed hopeless, to attempt a description of the contents of the Vatican. Sculpture and painting, strictly speaking, do not perhaps admit of description. The ideas of beauty received by one sense can hardly be transmitted by another. A man may give the exact proportions of the Venus de Medicis, with the projections of the nose and chin ;—but all this, which is literally *description*, can never impart a single idea of the grace and dignity diffused over that divine statue—and if he mention that grace, he describes his own sensations rather than the figure. He who could, by his description, place before the eyes of his reader *the effect* produced by the Venus ;—who could convey by words, the manly, resigned, patient suffering of the dying Gladiator, con-

scious that he is breathing his last;—or that melancholy and terrible gloom which attended the destruction of all things, as exhibited in the *Deluge* of Poussin—with the heart-rending despair of the Husband and Father, who sees his wife perishing, and his child exposed to inevitable death;—who could show him the glowing tints of sunset, or the moonbeams glistening on the scarcely-rippling ocean, as created by the pencil of Vernet;—the man, I say, who could excite sensations similar to those which have been produced by these masters of the sublime and the beautiful, would cease to *describe*;—he would be their equal in a different line;—he would be himself—a poet.

CHAPTER V.

Sacred Staircase—Robbers—Blessing of Horses—Festival in St. Peter's—Catholic Ceremonials—Carnival—Improvisatrice—Baths of Titus—Coliseum—Masked Ball—End of the Carnival—Ægri Somnia.

Jan. 15th. It is curious to observe how Pagan and Christian Rome are every where blended and incorporated; and how adroitly the papal capital has invested itself with the pomp of the Gentile city. Besides the *Pantheon*, once dedicated to *All Saints*, and since called *S. Maria ad Martyres*; the *Curia of Pompey* has been converted into the church of *S. Andrea della Valle*; the *Temple of Isis* has been dedicated to *S. Marcello*; and the splendid columns of *Trajan* and *Marcus Aurelius* now support the statues of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*.

I looked on, this morning, at a curious religious exercise. Adjoining the church of *S. Giovanni Laterano*, is a chapel, to which you ascend by the *sacred staircase*, which is said to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and is believed to be the very staircase which Christ ascended when he was carried to judgment. It would

be considered sacrilegious to mount this staircase by any other than a genuflecting progression; and this has been thought so meritorious an act, that there was some danger of the marble steps being worn away by the knees of the pious; so that now, an external covering of wood has been added, which may be renewed as occasion requires. The ascent is no easy task, as I can vouch from the experience of three or four steps, which I achieved myself. There is, of course, another way down; for it would amount to an act of martyrdom to descend in the same manner.

16th. I was arrested in my way through the Campo Vaccino this morning by an extraordinary sight. There was a large herd of about a hundred pigs, and I arrived just as three men were commencing the work of death. Each had a stiletto in his hand, and they despatched the whole herd in a few minutes.

The stab was made near the left leg, and seemed to go directly to the heart, for the animal fell without a groan or a struggle. This appears to be a less cruel, and is certainly a more quiet mode than our own; where the peace of a whole parish is disturbed by the uproar occasioned by the murder of a single pig.

It is to be hoped that the stiletto may soon be confined to this use; and indeed the practice of stabbing is becoming every day more rare. The French, by depriving the people of their knives, did much to put an end to this horrible custom; and the abridgment that has been made in the indulgence of sanctuaries, to which an assassin used to fly, and laugh at the officers of justice, will do more towards abolishing it altogether.

The administration of Cardinal Consalvi is calculated to do all that an honest, wise, and liberal-minded minister can do, to correct the evils of a bad constitution. But in endeavouring to work for the public good, he is exposed to constant opposition from the collision of private interests.

Last year there was a scoundrel in the post-office, who committed wholesale depredations upon the letters, and all the world complained of the loss of remittances. This fellow was however protected by a powerful opposition Cardinal, and it seemed that he could only be got rid of from the post-office, by the promise of an appointment of equal value in some other department.

Nothing can show in a stronger light the weakness of the government, than the regular system of robbers, established in open defiance of it, who

push their attacks within eighteen miles of the Pope's palace. Scarcely a month has passed since a most outrageous attempt was made to seize Lucien Buonaparte, at his own villa at Frascati. He had the good fortune to make his escape through a secret and subterraneous door, but the robbers carried off a poor painter to the mountains, who was staying in the house, supposing him to be Lucien. It was with some difficulty, and after three days' detention, that the painter convinced them at last, by giving specimens of his art, that he was really no prince; and they were not a little mortified at the discovery of their mistake; for their custom is to demand an *ad valorem* ransom, and the price of the painter was nothing in comparison with what they would have exacted for the Prince of Canino himself.

All endeavours to put down this barefaced system have failed. The military have been employed, but it seems the robbers can afford to pay them higher for being quiet, than the government can for being active.

Much is expected from the present governor of Rome; but what can be done by a single man, where the great mass is corrupt? When public spirit is extinct, and the people feel no interest in

the preservation of the government, there is no longer any security for the fidelity of agents, or the execution of orders.

17th. Festival of St. Anthony; who interpreted literally the injunction of the Scripture—"Go ye, into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;"—and who, according to the legend, like another Orpheus, charmed the beasts of the desert by his eloquence. On this day there was a general blessing of horses. A priest stands at the door of the church, and with a long brush dipped in a consecrated vessel, scatters the holy water upon the horses as they are driven up to receive the benediction. All the equipages of the nobility, splendidly caparisoned with ribbons, were assembled to participate in the ceremony. The best defence of such a ceremony will be found in the benefit likely to result to the objects of it, from its teaching that comprehensive charity, which includes even the inferior creatures in the great circle of Christian benevolence. There is something that takes a delightful hold on the imagination, in the simple creed of the untutored Indian,

"Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Without attempting, however, to raise the myste-

rious veil which is drawn over the lot of the lower animals in the scale of creation, it is difficult not to sympathize with any doctrines that inculcate kind and humane feelings towards them.

The indolence of the Romans is a common theme of remark; but I doubt whether it be well founded. Something must be allowed them on the score of their climate, the natural effect of which is to produce listlessness and languor. Still more should be added on account of their government, in the spirit of which there is no encouragement given to individual industry by the diffusion of equal rights. The barrenness of the Campagna has been attributed to this national indolence, which will not be at the pains of cultivating it. But I believe it would be more correct to say—not that the Campagna is barren, because it is not cultivated;—but that it is not cultivated, because it is barren. The Roman soldiers, before the time of Hannibal, in comparing their own country with that of the Capuans, argued thus;—“*An æquum esse deditios suos illâ fertilitate atque amœnitate perfrui; se, militando fessos, in pestilenti atque arido circa urbem solo luctari?*” Liv. lib. 7. c. 38.

In many particulars the modern Romans evince no want of ingenuity or industry. In the delicate

and laborious workmanship of mosaic; in engraving in all its branches; and in the elegant manufactures of cameos out of oriental shell; they are very industrious. The demand for articles of this kind is constant, and as foreigners are the principal customers, I take it for granted that the profits are considerable, and that they flow directly into the pockets of the manufacturer. This is all that is necessary to promote industry; namely, that there should be a demand for the productions of a man's labour, and that he should have a security for the enjoyment of the fruits of his work.

The Italians are admirable drivers, and go far beyond our whip-club. I have seen eight horses in hand trot up the Corso; and have heard of twelve, arranged in three rows of four a-breast. Their rule of the road is directly the reverse of ours; they take the right hand in meeting, and the left in passing;—and if two persons are in an open carriage, or on a coach-box together, he who drives, will, in defiance of the eternal fitness of things, sit on the *near side*.

18th. A grand fête in St. Peter's. The Pope was borne into the church on the shoulders of men, seated in his chair of state, making continually, as he passed along, the sign of the cross in the air

with the two fore-fingers of his right hand. Two pole-bearers, with splendid fans of ostrich feathers fixed on the top of their poles, preceded him, and reminded me of the chief mourner of Otaheite. The red flowing robes of the cardinals are much more splendid and becoming than the sovereign white satin of the Pope; which, bespangled as it is with gold, has a dingy and dirty appearance, at a distance. The Guard Noble, or Pope's Body Guard, the very privates of which are composed of the nobility of Rome, mustered in the church in full uniform, and kept the ground. They did not take off their hats, and the only part they took in the worship was to kneel down at the word of command, in adoration of the Host, when the bell announced the completion of the miracle of transubstantiation.*

A strange attendance this, for the successor of St. Peter—the apostle of the Prince of Peace!—but I doubt whether the apostles, if they could return to this world, would be able to recognise

* Middleton confesses, that, in this instance at least, he cannot find a parallel in any part of the Pagan worship. The credulity of the ancients, great as it was, revolted at a doctrine like this, which was thought too gross even for Egyptian idolatry:—" *Ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?*" Cic. de Nat. Deor. 3.

their own religion, swelled out and swaddled as it is in the Papal Pontificals.

It is common to hear of the attraction and fascination of the Catholic ceremonials;—for my part, I think mass a more tiresome business than a Quakers' meeting.

There is something very unsocial in the whole transaction. The priest turns his back to the people, and mumbles the prayers to himself. There seems to be no community of worship, except in the general genuflection at the elevation of the Host. The people seem to have no functions to perform, but to look on at a spectacle, which is to me the most fatiguing office in the world.

The vespers, of which music forms the principal part, are more attractive; though one cannot listen to the chants of these "warbling wethers," without feelings of indignation at the system which sanctions such a school of music; but perhaps a government of celibacy may affect to believe the deprivation of virility a loss of small importance.

19th. Passed away the morning in the Capitol. This modern building is not worthy to crown the summit of the *Capitoli immobile saxum*, as the

Romans in the pride of their national vanity delighted to call it. But what is now become of their eternal empire, with the fables of *Juventus*, and *Terminus*, which were to them sacred articles of faith?—"The wind hath passed over it and it is gone!"—This devoted attachment to their country is perhaps the only amiable feature in the *national* character of the Romans. With what spirit it breaks out in the invocation of Horace:—

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris; possis nihil urbe Romæ
Visere majus!

though in these very lines, there is a sufficient indication of that jealous hostility towards all other nations, with which this love of their own country was combined.

It may be very amusing to read their history, now that we are out of the reach of that grasping and insatiable ambition, which must have rendered them deservedly hateful to their contemporaries.

But, Heaven be thanked, the bonds of Roman dominion are broken; and it is to be hoped, that any future attempt to revive their plans of universal conquest may be as unsuccessful as the

late imitation of them by the French, whose jacobinical watch-word, of "War to the Palace and Peace to the Cottage," was closely copied—though more insidiously worded—from the favourite maxim of the Romans—

"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

This line of their favourite poet contains a complete exposition of the spirit of their foreign policy; a truly domineering and tyrannical spirit—which could not be at rest, while there was any other people on the face of the globe, that claimed the rights of national independence.

In the square of the Capitol is the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The Horse is very spirited, and Michael Angelo's address to it, *Cammina!* is still quoted.

Went in the evening to the Princess Prossedi's. A select ball.—Lucien Buonaparte and his brother Louis, with their respective families, were present.

20th. This morning the Princess's servant called for a fee. This is the custom of Italy, and wherever you make a visit, the domestics call the next day to levy a tax upon you.

Called on the Princess Prossedi;—an amiable and interesting woman. She is the eldest daughter of Lucien Buonaparte by a former wife; and it was

she who refused to be the wife of Ferdinand of Spain. This match was proposed to her when she was on a visit to the Emperor's court, during the disgrace and exile of her father ; but, though she was alone, and subjected to the solicitations of the whole court, and at last assailed by the menaces of Napoleon himself, she had the firmness and courage to adhere to her resolution. Her answer to an inquiry, whether she did not feel afraid of the consequences of irritating her uncle by a refusal, will explain her character ;— *O que non ! on craint peu celui qu'on n'estime pas.*

The Buonaparte family muster strongly at Rome. *Madame Mère* is said to be immensely rich ; Louis has bought a large tract on the Palatine Hill ; and Lucien has a spacious palace in the Via Condotti. Whatever his political sins may have been, his domestic life is irreproachable. He lives in the bosom of his family, all the branches of which assemble in the evening at his house, which is open also to strangers who have been properly introduced to him.

His wife must once have been a most beautiful woman, and she still retains all that fascination of manner which is the best part of beauty.

21st. The first day of the Carnival ;—or rather

the first of the last eight days of the Carnival, which are the paroxysm of the fun and the folly of this season of rejoicing. But, as eight consecutive days of festivities might be too fatiguing, occasional resting days intervene, to give time for the spirits to rally ;—and then, when the season of indulgence is over, Lent and fasting begin. This is wisely contrived, for after an excess of feasting, fasting succeeds as a relief, rather than a privation. Whatever Lent may be to the many, it is no light matter to the strict Catholics. The present Pope, who is most exemplary in all religious observances, keeps it with the most rigid abstemiousness.

The usual exhibition has not been given this morning in the Piazza del Popolo. It is customary that an execution should take place on this day, as an edifying prelude to the gaieties of the Carnival, but there is no criminal ready for the guillotine.

22d. Second day of the Carnival. The Corso is the grand scene of foolery. Here, two lines of carriages, filled with grotesque figures in masks, drive up and down ; while the middle of the street is thronged with a multitude of masqueraders. I have seen little fun, and no humour—except in a few English maskers. All that Corinne says of

the skill and vivacity of the Italians in supporting characters of masquerade, I suspect to be greatly exaggerated.

I doubt whether a May-day in England be not quite as amusing as the Carnival. All that the people do, is to pelt each other with sugar-plums, as they are called, though they are really made of lime. When a stoppage takes place amongst the carriages, which is frequently the case, those that are alongside of one another might be compared to two ships in an engagement—such is the fury of the fire. One can bear being pelted by the natives, for they throw these missiles lightly and playfully—but the English pelt with all the vice and violence of school-boys, and there was an eye nearly lost in the battle of this morning.

The conclusion of the day's entertainment is the horse-race. There is a discharge of cannon as a signal for the carriages to quit the Corso. The street is soon cleared, and the horses are brought out. It is really surprising to see their eagerness and emulation; indeed they seem to enjoy the scene as much as the spectators. To-day, one of them, in its impatience to start, broke from its keeper, leaped the barrier, and set off alone. Five started afterwards, and, for the first two hundred

yards, they seemed to run against one another with thorough good-will; but being without riders, they find out long before they get to the end of the Corso, which is a mile long, that their speed is entirely optional. Many of them therefore take it very quietly;—the greatest fool runs fastest, and wins the race.

Every sort of stimulant is applied to supply the want of a rider. Little bells are tied about them, and a sort of self-acting spur is contrived, by suspending a barbed weight to a string, which, in its vibrations, occasioned by the motion of the horse, strikes constantly against his flanks. The people encourage them by shouts from all sides; but the most efficacious and the most cruel of the means employed, is the application of a squib of gun-powder to the poor animal's tail;—or a piece of lighted touch-paper to some raw part of his hide.

In the evening a masked ball;—where I in vain endeavoured to find any thing like the well-supported characters, which we occasionally see at a masquerade in England. There were, in fact, no characters at all;—nothing but a mob of masks and dominos.

23d. A day's rest from the Carnival.—Drove to the Borghese villa.—The gardens and pleasure-

grounds are on a larger scale, and in a better taste, than I have yet seen in Italy. The trees in the shrubberies are allowed to grow as nature prompts them, without being clipped and cut into all sorts of grotesque figures.

The villa is deserted not only by its owner, but by the famous statues—the Household Gods—which it once possessed. Casts now occupy the pedestals of the original marbles, which were sold by the Prince Borghese to Napoleon, and still remain in the gallery of the Louvre.

We went in the evening to one of the Theatres to hear an *Improvisatrice*. She was a young and pretty girl of seventeen. The subjects had been written by the audience on slips of paper, and put into an urn, to be drawn out as occasion required. She recited three poems. The subject of the first was, the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia*;—the next, the *Cestus of Venus*;—and the last, *Sappho presents a wreath of flowers to Phaon*, was rendered more difficult, by supplying her with the final words of each stanza, which she was to fill up with sense and rhymes. The final words, which were given by the audience, were all to end in *ore*;—some one suggested *sartore*—as a puzzling word for the conclusion of the last stanza; and if one might

judge from the laughter and applause of the audience, for I confess I could not follow her, she brought it in with a very ingenious turn.

In the intervals between the poems, she called upon the audience indiscriminately for a word, as the subject of a stanza, which she immediately recited, making every line rhyme with the word proposed. She was seldom at a loss for a moment; and when she did hesitate, she got out of her difficulties most triumphantly. *Drudo* was the word that seemed to puzzle her most; at least, she made an attempt to evade it; but it was pressed upon her by the audience.

Upon the whole it was a wonderful performance; for though I could not catch all she said, one might judge of the merit of such a performance by the *effect* produced upon the audience. Besides, though words may add a great deal, they are not absolutely necessary to the expression of sentiment;—the language of gestures, and features, and tones, is universal, and by the aid of these, it was easy to follow the story of Iphigenia perfectly.

After the subject of a poem was proposed, she walked about the stage for about ten minutes, and then burst out with all the seeming fervour

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of inspiration, chanting her stanzas in a recitative tone, accompanied by music.

Her enunciation and action were a little too vehement for an English taste, and conveyed an idea of vulgarity;—but of this it is impossible to judge, without knowing more of the national standard of good-breeding.

24th. Of the Palace and Baths of Titus there are still many interesting remains.—It was in the time of Raphael that the group of Laocoon was discovered here, and that several subterraneous chambers were opened, containing very beautiful specimens of painted ceilings in excellent preservation. Raphael is said to have borrowed all he could from these paintings, for his own designs in the Vatican, and then to have filled up the ruins again. This story is in every body's mouth; but that Raphael, whose character appears in other particulars the essence of candour and ingenuousness, should have been actuated by such feelings of petty professional jealousy, is very improbable. If no care was taken to maintain the communication with the ruins, time and accident would soon do that which is imputed to Raphael. However this may be, it is certain that they were not again excavated till the year 1776; and it is to the

French that we owe the interesting discoveries which have been made since that time. They set about the work in good earnest, and they have furnished ample materials for forming a judgment of the nature and extent of these imperial establishments. The colours on the ceilings are, in some instances, as fresh as if they had been painted yesterday; and the whole subject of the picture is often very intelligible:—as is the case in the amours of Mars and Sylvia. There is a painting on the end-wall of one of the passages, representing a continuation of the passage, which shows that the Romans were not so ignorant of linear perspective as it has been supposed. In another passage, leading to the baths, which was excavated by the French, and which, as it would seem, had never before been explored since the original wreck which buried it in ruins, was found this scrawl, which has all the appearance of being ancient, and which—as it is under the veil of a learned language—I shall venture to transcribe:

DVODECIM DEOS ET DIANAM ET JOVEM
OPTVMVM MAXVMVM HABEAT IRATOS
QVIS QVIS HIC MINXERIT AVT CACARIT.

The baths seem to have been fitted up with the

greatest magnificence. There are traces of mosaic pavement; and there was a coating of marble carried about ten feet high, probably to prevent the painted walls from being injured by the splashing of the water.

In one of the rooms, the bath itself remains;—it is a circular basin of about twenty-four feet in diameter.

Here too they show what is said to be a part of the House of Mæcenas. It is a curious specimen of the perfection of Roman brick-work, in complete preservation; the pointing of which is as perfect as if it had been just finished by the mason, and I doubt whether any modern workmanship, of the same materials, would bear a comparison with it. The bricks are differently shaped from our own, and do not exceed two inches in thickness.

The third day of the Carnival.—Went to see the horses come in, which was a very tame business. All the rivalry is in the start.—The reverse of an English horse-race.—*There* the start is nothing, and the contest is reserved for the goal.

25th. Another respite from the Carnival.—Drove at midnight to see the Coliseum by moonlight;—but what can I say of the Coliseum? It

must be *seen*; to describe it I should have thought impossible—if I had not read Manfred. To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one must “Go visit it by the pale moonlight.” The stillness of night—the whispering echoes—the moonlight shadows—and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone can describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself;—but what cannot he do on *such* a subject, the touch of whose pen, like the wand of Moses, can produce waters even from the barren rock !

A man should go *alone* to enjoy, in full perfection, all the enchantment of this moonlight scene ; and if it do not excite in him emotions that he never felt before—let him hasten home—eat his supper—say his prayers—and thank Heaven that he has not one single grain of romance or enthusiasm, in his whole composition.

If he be fond of moralizing—the Papal sentinels, that now mount guard here—the Cross, which has been set up, in the centre of the amphitheatre, to *protect* these imperial remains from further spoliation—in the very spot, where the Disciples of that despised Cross were most cruelly perse-

cuted—and the inscription which it bears—*Bacciando la S. Croce si acquistano duecento giorni di indulgenza*—will furnish him with ample materials for reflection.

27th. Fifth day of the Carnival. Tiresome repetition of the same foolery. It may be however, that I find it dull, because I am dull myself, for the Italians seem to enjoy it vastly.

Escaped from the noisy crowd of the Corso, to the silent solitude of the Coliseum; where you can scarcely believe that you are within five minutes' walk of such a scene of uproar. Considering the depredations which have for so many ages been committed upon this pile, it is wonderful that so much remains. It is certain that Paul II. built the palace of St. Mark—Cardinal Ricario the Chancery,—and Paul III. the Farnese palace—with materials from this mine. The Barberini palace is also said to have been derived from the same stock;—“*et quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini.*” I believe, however, that this conceit is the only authority for the fact;—and truth has been often sacrificed to a conceit.

At last, to prevent further depredations, it was consecrated. The present Pope is doing much to prevent dilapidation; but, like his predecessors,

he seems to have little reliance on the memory of mankind, for he defaces all his works with an inscription; though it is conceived in a more modest taste than former inscriptions; and instead of—*Munificentia*—he is content with—*Cura Pii VII.*

Much has been written on the subject of the holes which are scattered all over the building; but I think it is plain that they were made to extract the metal, used to fasten the stones together. In many of these holes, some small fragments of lead and iron are still remaining.

It must have been a noble sight, to behold this vast Amphitheatre filled with spectators. The very lowest computation allows that it would contain eighty thousand.

There was an awning to protect them from the sun and the rain; and that capricious tyrant, Caligula, is described by Suetonius as venting his spleen by ordering this canopy to be withdrawn:—“*Gladiatorio munere, reductis interdum flagrantissimo Sole velis, emitti quenquam vetabat.*”

The order and arrangement of the seats are still distinguishable, and nothing can be more admirably contrived than the vomitories, for facilitating the ingress and egress of all classes, to and from their respective seats, without disorder or

confusion. There was probably an upper gallery for the multitude, of which there are now no remains.

Between the arches numbered xxxviii and xxxix, there is one, which is not only without any number at all, but is also deficient in the entablature; whence it is concluded, that this was the entrance to the passage which led to the palace of Titus; by which the Emperor had his private approach to the amphitheatre.

Excavation has also discovered the subterraneous passage, by which the Emperors had a secret communication with the palace of the Palatine;—and it was here that Commodus was attacked by the conspirators.

It was probably the sight of the Coliseum, the wonder of ancient Rome, as St. Peter's is of the modern city, that struck Poggio with the admiration he so well describes in his work *De Varietate Fortunæ*:—" *Præsenti vero, mirum dictu, nihil imminuit, vere major fuit Roma, majoresque sunt reliquiae quam rebar. Jam non orbem ab hâc urbe domitam, sed tam sero domitam, miror.*" By the way, Gibbon attributes these words to Petrarch; but if they be his, Poggio has adopted them without acknowledgment.

It is indeed a glorious ruin, and one may sympathize with the superstitious enthusiasm, that believed "*Quamdiu stabit Colyseus, stabit et Roma; quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.*"

28th. Sixth day of the Carnival. Sat an hour in the Borghese palace, before the charming Sibyl of Domenichino, which is one of the very sweetest pictures in the world. Afterwards to the *Piazza Navona*, the site of the ancient *Circus Agonalis*; which, by an easy transition through *Agona* and *Nagona*, has become *Navona*. Near here is the ancient statue which has been called after the Tailor Pasquin, who lived near the place where it was discovered; and who, besides indulging himself in satirical raillery against all the world, has had the honour of giving his name to all subsequent effusions of the same kind. The floating capital of wit may be estimated by the squibs and epigrams which are still occasionally affixed to this statue.*

29th. Seventh day of the Carnival. The horses started with more animation than ever. The instant they were off, one of the booths opposite to

* A man called Cæsar lately married a girl of the name of Roma—both common names in Rome. They lived in the

us fell in with a tremendous crash. There was something awfully terrific in the general scream of many hundreds of people, who all sunk down in one heap of confusion. No lives lost. The extent of the mischief was a few broken limbs. What a strange thing is luck—as we call it; but, do we not all too often—

“ Call God’s best providence a lucky hit ! ”

I had wished to take my place on this booth, and was with difficulty persuaded by my companion to prefer the opposite one.

Masked ball in the evening at the *Téatro Alberti*. I am quite amazed at the dulness of this sort of entertainment, in a country where the people are so distinguished for liveliness and wit in their common conversation. You would suppose, from the animation of feature, and vehemence

Piazza Navona, close to Pasquin’s statue, where was found next morning the following advice :

*Cave, Cæsar, ne tua Roma
respublica fiat !*

The man replied the next day ;

Cæsar imperat !

But his antagonist immediately rejoined ;

Ergo coronabitur.

Upon the late entry of the Emperor of Austria into Rome, the following squib appeared on Pasquin’s statue :—

Gaudium urbis, fletus provinciarum, risus mundi.

of gesticulation, between two men in the street, that they were discussing some question of vital interest; but, upon inquiry, you find they have been talking of the weather, or some such matter. At these balls there is little talking;—perhaps some more serious business may be going on;—for this is the great season of intrigue. Men and women assume the dresses and the characters of each other. The mask enables the lady to speak her mind freely; and whatever her fancy may be, if she fail of success, it is not through any backwardness on her part. The mask does away all distinctions of rank, as well as of sex, and the liberty and equality of the carnival seem to have a close affinity with the licence of the *Saturnalia*—or *High Life below Stairs*—of the ancient Romans.

30th and 31st. English November weather. Cold rain. Confined to the house.

Feb. 1, Passed the morning in the Vatican. There is an alabaster urn in the gallery of vases, which was found in the Mausoleum of Augustus, and is supposed to have contained his ashes. The busts of Cato and Portia, if indeed they have been rightly so called, are interesting portraits;—but we have been so accustomed to associate Kemble's noble physiognomy with our

Idea of Cato, that it is difficult not to feel a little disappointment at the first sight of this bust, which has not that strongly marked cast of features which we call Roman. The moral expression, however, is that of the severe inflexible integrity, the *esse quam videri*, which Sallust describes, in his beautiful contrast between Cato and Cæsar.

Attended vespers at St. Peter's;—the favourite lounge of the English ladies on Sunday evening.

In the morning they attend the English church, which is now established with an éclat that scandalizes all orthodox Catholics. The English presumed so far upon their favour with the Pope, as to make an application to Consalvi, to authorize the institution of a place of worship, according to the rites of the Church of England. The Cardinal's answer might have been anticipated: "I cannot authorize what would be directly in opposition to the principles of our religion, and the laws of the state, but the government will not interfere with any thing you do quietly amongst yourselves, as long as it is done with propriety." The English church has accordingly been set up, and boasts a very numerous congregation. The door is thronged with as many carriages, as a new fancy chapel in

London; but though the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi seem inclined to let the English do any thing, the multitude regard this permission as a sin and an abomination.

Our fair countrywomen, not content with celebrating the rites of an heretical church under the very nose of the Pope, go in the evening and jostle the Catholics out of their own chapel in St. Peter's. This attendance might at first have been attributed to devotional feelings; but as soon as the music is over, the ladies make their courtesy, and leave the priests to finish their prayers by themselves, while they parade up and down the Cathedral; which then becomes the fashionable promenade.

After vespers, on Sundays, all the equipages in Rome are to be found in the Corso, which then answers to our own Hyde Park; and perhaps there are few places in the world where so many splendid equipages are to be seen, as at Rome; in the number and appearance of the horses, and in the rich liveries of the trains of domestics, and running footmen.

2d. Holy-day. Grand ceremony of the Pope blessing the candles;—hence, Candlemas-day. After the blessing, each Catholic received his candle, and there was a procession from the

church.—The second of February is a gloomy day in Rome ; it has a black mark in the calendar, and is memorable in the history of national calamities.—Ball at Lady N.'s.—It was intended to commence at nine o'clock, but, out of deference to the Catholic guests, it was postponed till midnight, that no infringement might be committed upon the Holy-day.

The English ladies have metamorphosed Rome into a watering-place.—One or other of them is "*at home*" every evening, and there are balls twice a week.—The number of English, at present in Rome, is estimated at about 2,000, and it is said that the influx of wealth occasioned by their residence has so increased the supply of money, as to produce some abatement in the rate of interest. We are in high favour—and *Inglese* is a passport every where.—The Pope seems to be one of the few sovereigns in Europe, who retain any sense of *gratitude* for the good offices of England. The difference of sentiment, in the Roman and Neapolitan courts, towards us, was illustrated in the most marked manner, by their respective treatment of the naval officers who were sent by Lord Exmouth with the Italian slaves, redeemed at Algiers.

The partiality of the Pope to the English excites the jealousy of the natives; and perhaps with some reason. At all ceremonies and spectacles, the guard allow the English to pass over that line which is impassable to the Italians; and I have, more than once, heard a native plead, *Inglese*, as a passport to follow me. Seats are prepared for the ladies, of which they are not backward in availing themselves, and I have almost expected, on some occasions, to see them elbow the Pope out of his own Chair of State.

3d. Shrove Tuesday;—the last day and wind-up of the Carnival. It was formerly the custom to carry a funeral procession of dead harlequin, on this expiration of the Carnival. This however is now discontinued; but at the conclusion of the horse-race on this day, every body carries a taper, and the great fun seems to consist in lighting your taper at your neighbour's candle, and then blowing out his flame;—a practical joke, with which we may often trace an obvious analogy in the serious pastimes of Politics and Literature.

So much for the Carnival of Rome; of which one has heard tales of wonder, from the days of our nursery;—and indeed it is only fit for the nursery. Nothing can be imagined more childish,

and there is very little mixture of wit or humour to make the childishness amusing.

4th. Ash Wednesday. Ceremony in the Pope's chapel—Sprinkling of ashes on the heads of the Cardinals.—Mass as usual.—I have declined being presented to his Holiness, thinking with the Duke of Hamilton, that when the kissing the toe is left out, the ceremony is deprived of all its amusement.

The Pope receives strangers, by six at a time, in his own private apartment, in the plain dress of his order, without any pomp or state. The Italians in general dislike perfumes, and the Pope has a particular antipathy to musk. On the last presentation, one of the company was highly scented with this odour, and Pius was constrained to dismiss the party almost immediately.

5th. My health grows worse and worse! Constant irritation.—Day without rest—night without sleep;—at least, sleep without repose, and rest without recreation.

If life, with health and wealth, and all “appiances and means to boot,” be nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit; what is it, alas! when deprived of all these embellishments?

6th. Beautiful day.—The sun shines upon every

thing but me.—My spirits are as dark as November;—but *levius fit patientia!* Went to the Borghese Palace, to see and admire again Domenichino's *Sibyl*.—His *Chase of Diana* too is a superb picture.—Raphael's *Deposition from the Cross* has too much of his first manner in the execution;—though it is a noble work in conception and design. Here is a fine collection of Titians;—but, with all their glowing beauties, I doubt whether the Venetian painters ever give us more than the *bodies*—either of women, or of men.

7th and 8th. Very unwell;—but Democritus was a wiser man than Heraclitus. Those are the wisest, and the happiest, who can pass through life as a play; who—without making a farce of it, and turning every thing into ridicule—or running into the opposite extreme of tragedy—consider the whole period, from the cradle to the coffin, as a well-bred comedy;—and maintain a cheerful smile to the very last scene. For what is happiness, but a Will-o-the-whisp, a delusion;—a terra incognita—in pursuit of which thousands are tempted out of the harbour of tranquillity, to be tossed about, the sport of the winds of passion, and the waves of disappointment, to be wrecked perhaps at last on the rocks of despair;—unless

they be provided with the sheet-anchor of religion—the only anchor that will hold in all weathers. This is a very stupid allegory, but it was preached to me this morning by a beautiful piece of sculpture, in the *studio* of Maximilian Laboureur. A female figure of Hope has laid aside her anchor, and is feeding a monstrous chimæra. The care and solicitude of Hope, in tending this frightful creature, are most happily expressed; and the general effect is so touching, that it illustrates Shakspeare's phrase of *Sermons in stones*, with great felicity.

CHAPTER VII.

Journey to Naples—Pontine Marshes—System of Robbery—Capua—Naples—Climate—People—Pompeii—Museo Borbonico—Italian Dinners—Evening Parties—Italian Honesty—Neapolitan Army.

9th. WHEN the mind is full of fret and fever, the best remedy is to put the body in motion, which, by establishing an equilibrium between the two, may perhaps restore something like tranquillity to the whole system. It was with this hope that I left Rome, before day-break, on my way to Naples—as fast as four wheels and sixteen legs could carry me;—and there is nothing like the rattling of wheels to scare away blue devils. The road is excellent; and the posting, however defective it may be in the appearance and appointments of the horses, is in point of celerity equal to that on the best regulated road in England.

The Pontine Marshes, of which one has heard such dreadful accounts, appeared to me to differ but little from many parts of Cambridgeshire; though the livid aspect of the miserable inhabitants of this region is a shocking proof of its un-

wholesomeness.—The short, but pathetic reply made to an inquiring traveller, is well known—“How do you manage to live here?” said he, to a group of these animated spectres—“We die!”—The excellent road which runs through these marshes for twenty-five miles, in a direct line, as straight as an arrow, was the work of the late Pope Pius VI., for which he will receive the thanks of every traveller; but this, like most of his other undertakings, exposed him to the satire of his contemporaries, and it became a proverb, when talking of sums expended in extravagance, to say, “—sono andate alle paludi Pontine.”

Early in the evening, we reached Terracina—the ancient *Anxur* of the Romans. Its situation is strikingly beautiful, at the foot of the Apennines, and on the shore of the Mediterranean; and it is backed, as Horace has accurately described, “*saxis latè candentibus*.” We were induced to halt here, by the representations that were made to us of the dangers of travelling after dark. It seems, we are now in the strong hold of the robbers, where they commit the most bare-faced outrages.

The man who had no money in his pocket, might formerly dismiss all fear of robbers;—but

in these days, an empty purse is no longer a security. These modern desperadoes carry men away even from their homes, for the sake of the ransom which they think they may extort for their liberation. We are told that two men were lately kidnapped from this neighbourhood, and taken up into the mountains. The friends of the one sent up nearly the sum that was demanded ;—the other had no friends to redeem him. The robbers settled the affair, in the true spirit of that cold-blooded savage disposition, that has leisure to be sportive in its cruelty. They sent the first man back without his ears ; detaining these, as a set-off against the deficiency in the ransom ;—and the other poor fellow was returned in *eight pieces* !—So much for Italian government. An edict has been lately issued against ransoms, as operating to encourage kidnapping. This may be an excellent law for the public ; but it would require the patriotism of Regulus, in an individual falling into the hands of these marauders, to consider the public interest in preference to his own.

10th. Soon after quitting Terracina, we entered the Neapolitan territory, where the road begins to wind among the Apennines ; and, for many miles, it is one continued pass through a wild and rugged

country. It seems intended by nature for the region of robbers. The government of Naples has adopted the most vigorous measures for the protection of travellers. Small parties of soldiers are encamped, at half a mile's distance from each other, during the whole line of road, from Terracina to Capua. But *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—it is said that the soldiers themselves, after dark, lay aside their military dress, and act as banditti. The richness and luxuriance of the country, between Terracina and Naples, are very striking. Hedges of laurustinus, olives, and vineyards;—orange and lemon groves, covered with fruit;—myrtle, fig, and palm-trees, give a new and softer character to the landscape.

The orange-tree adds richness to the prospect, but its form is too *clumpy*—too round and regular—to be picturesque.

The inhabitants seem to increase in misery, in proportion to the improving kindness of the climate, and fertility of the soil. I have never seen such shocking objects of human wretchedness, as in this smiling land of corn, wine, and oil. At Fondi especially, the poor naked creatures seemed absolutely in a state of starvation, and scrambled eagerly for the orange-peel which fell from our

carriage. Surrounded by these squalid spectres, we might almost have fancied ourselves already arrived at the confines of *Orcus*; and that we had actually before our eyes the "*terribiles visu Formæ*" with which the poet has invested its entrance:

"*Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia Cura,*

"*Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus;*

"*Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas.*"

Most of these might have been painted to the life from the ghastly group around us; and indeed, with the exception of "*Labos*," there is scarcely a personage in the passage alluded to, that might not find an adequate representative at Fondi. This very absence indeed of *Industry* goes far to account for the presence of the rest; for though the greater part of this misery may be attributed to the faults of the government, yet some little seems to flow from the very blessings of a fine climate and rich soil—for nothing will supply the want of industry.

At Fondi we have a specimen of the old Appian way, and are jolted on the very pavement that Horace travelled over in his journey to Brundisium. There is, too, in the Bureau of the Custom-House, just such a jack-in-office as Horace ridicules on the same occasion.

The extortions of the various Custom-Houses are the most flagrant impositions, and I have always resisted them with success, when, from an unwillingness to submit to injustice, I have been foolish enough to encounter the inconvenience of maintaining the rights of travellers; but, I believe, it is a wiser plan to get rid of all trouble by a small gratuity; for though they have no right to make you pay any thing, they may detain and search you, if they please, and an exemption from such delays is cheaply bought by the sacrifice of a few pauls.

In consequence of a detention of two hours at Capua, which all travellers must reckon upon, we did not reach Naples till after dark.

11th. First view of the bay of Naples;—of which the windows of our lodging command a fine prospect.

The weather is beautiful, and as warm as a June day in England. We sit at breakfast without a fire, on a marble floor—with the casements open, enjoying the mild fresh breeze from the sea. The first view of Vesuvius disappoints expectation. You would not know that it was a burning mountain if you were not told so; the smoke has only the appearance of that light passing cloud, which

is so often seen hanging on the brow of a hill. Drove after breakfast to the *Campo di Marte*; where, to my great surprise, I found myself transported ten years backwards, into the middle of old schoolfellows.

There was a regular double-wicket cricket match going on;—Eton against the world;—and the world was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them, is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives.—At Florence, they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys;—and, every where, they make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people amongst whom they may happen to be. What should we say in London, if the Turks, or the Persians, or the Russians, or the French, were to make Hyde Park the scene of their national pastimes? It is this exclusively national spirit, and the undisguised contempt for all other people, that

the English are so accustomed to express in their manner and conduct, which have made us so generally unpopular on the continent. Our hauteur is the subject of universal complaint—and the complaint seems but too well founded.

The view of Naples, from the hill immediately above it, forms a magnificent *coup d'œil*. It combines all the features of the grand and the splendid;—the town—the Bay—Vesuvius. It would be complete, if the sea part of it were more enlivened with shipping.

12th. Oh this land of zephyrs! Yesterday was as warm as July;—to-day we are shivering, with a bleak easterly wind, and an English black frost. I find we are come to Naples too soon. It would have been quite time enough three months hence. Naples is one of the worst climates in Europe for complaints of the chest; and the winter is much colder here than at Rome, notwithstanding the latitude. Whatever we may think of sea air in England, the effect is very different here. The sea-breeze in Devonshire is mild and soft,—here it is keen and piercing; and, as it sets in regularly at noon, I doubt whether Naples can ever be oppressively hot, even in summer.

We are lodged in the house of a Bishop;—by

which term must not be understood, a personage bearing the slightest resemblance to the dignified character we mean by it in England, but a little dirty-looking chocolate-coloured creature, with no single pretension to the appearance of a gentleman. We occupy the whole of his house, except one bed-room, in which *Monsignore* lives like a snail in his shell. He will chatter for two hours, to extract a few carlini from our pockets; and his great occupation and pleasure consist in scolding his servants;—but some excuse may be made for this, as it is a duty which may seem to devolve upon him from the law of celibacy.

13th, 14th, and 15th. Confined to the house;—the little Bishop endeavours to amuse the hours of my confinement, by exhibiting all his episcopal trappings, which he has done with the sort of fiddle-faddle vanity, with which an old maid of three-score would display the court-dresses of her youth. Nothing would please him but I must try on his mitres, while he stood by giggling and skipping, as if it had been the best joke in the world. He tells me that he was in attendance upon the Pope during his captivity in France; and was a witness of the scene between Napoleon and his Holiness, at which it has been erroneously stated

that Napoleon, in the heat of anger, was brutal enough to strike him.

The Bishop describes it as an altercation ; in which Napoleon exhausted all his efforts in endeavouring to overcome the Pope's objections to signing the treaty, which he, Napoleon, had dictated. The Pope remained firm, declaring that he could sign no treaty but in his own palace at Rome. Irritated by this inflexible opposition, Napoleon burst out with a *sacre Dieu!* at being thwarted *par un petit Prêtre*, and with ruffian violence, forgetting what was due to the age and character of the venerable Pius, he did, according to the Bishop's account, lay hold of the Pope's garments :—but without striking him.

The little Bishop, it seems, had a great curiosity to see England, and begged hard of Napoleon for permission to make a visit to London for a few weeks: Napoleon, however, would never consent, but used to pull him playfully by the ear, and tell him, that he would be corrupted, and converted, in our Island of Heretics.

16th. Sunshine again. Delightful lounging day. The noise of Naples is enough to drive a nervous man mad. It would be difficult to imagine the eternal bustle and worry of the streets ;—the

people bawling and roaring at each other in all directions ;—beggars soliciting your charity with one hand, while they pick your pocket of your handkerchief with the other ;—and the carriages cutting their way through the crowd, with which the streets are thronged, with a fearful rapidity. It requires the patience of Job to carry on any dealings with the people, who are a most unconscionable set ; every bargain is a battle, and it seems to be an established rule, to ask, on all occasions, three times as much as is just. An Englishman cannot show himself without being immediately surrounded by a troop of clamorous applicants, as ravenous as birds of prey about a carcass ;—all anxious to have their share of the carrion.

The Toledo is the principal street in Naples ; and a very splendid and showy street it is. The shops are gay and gaudy, and “the tide of human existence” flows with almost as much volume, and a great deal more noise than at Charing-Cross ; but I think it cannot be compared with the solid and substantial magnificence of the Corso at Rome. This street is the very paradise of pick-pockets ; I detected a ragged urchin this morning in the act of extracting my handkerchief, but he looked

up into my face with such an arch, though piteous expression, that my resentment was disarmed, and he made his retreat under a volley of *eccellenzas*, which he showered upon me with a grateful profusion.

Upon arriving at Naples after a residence in Rome, one is immediately struck with the inferiority of taste displayed in the architectural ornaments of the town.

After Rome, every thing at Naples looks poor and paltry;—show and glitter seem to be the great objects of admiration;—and every thing, as Forsyth says, is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches to the pill of the apothecary.

17th. The rate of living is much the same at Naples as at Rome. The ordinary price of lodging, sufficient for the accommodation of two persons, is forty dollars a month—about eight pounds English. Our dinner is supplied from the kitchen of a neighbouring archbishop, by his lordship's cook, at eight *carlini* per head;—the *carlino* being about four-pence English.

The wines of Naples are remarkably good, if care be taken to get them genuine, which is easily done where so many people make their own wine;—but beware of the adulterations of the wine

trade! The *lacryma Christi* is not the rare precious *liqueur*, which it has been sometimes described, but a strong-bodied generous wine, which is made in great quantities. The vineyards that supply this liquor are situated at the foot of Vesuvius. It appears to be very well calculated for the English taste, and it is said to bear the voyage without injury. The cost of a pipe, with all the expense of importing it to England, duty and freight included, would not amount to more than 80*l.*; and Mr. Grandorges, the host of the *Albergo del Sole*, and the proprietor of a magazine of all sorts of English goods, tells me that he has already sent many pipes to London.

All sorts of English manufactures are to be found at the above-mentioned magazine, which can only be accounted for by the partiality of the English to the productions of their own country; for the importation duty to the Neapolitan government is no less than 60 per cent.

The Neapolitans seem to like us as little as the Portuguese, and the temper of the government is constantly breaking out in little spiteful exertions of power, directed against English subjects.

18th. Excursion to *Pompeii*. The remains of this town afford a truly interesting spectacle. It

is like a resurrection from the dead;—the progress of time and decay is arrested, and you are admitted to the temples, the theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people who have ceased to exist for seventeen centuries. Nothing is wanting but the inhabitants. Still, a morning's walk through the solemn silent streets of Pompeii, will give you a livelier idea of their modes of life than all the books in the world. They seem, like the French of the present day, to have existed only *in public*.

Their theatres, temples, basilicas, forums, are on the most splendid scale, but in their private dwellings we discover little or no attention to *comfort*. The houses in general have a small court round which the rooms are built, which are rather cells than rooms;—the greater part are without windows, receiving light only from the door.

There are no chimneys:—the smoke of the kitchen, which is usually low and dark, must have found its way through a hole in the ceiling. The doors are so low, that you are obliged to stoop to pass through them. There are some traces of mosaic flooring, and the stucco paintings, with

which all the walls are covered, are but little injured; and upon being wetted, they appear as fresh as ever. Brown, red, yellow, and blue, are the prevailing colours. It is pity that the contents of the houses could not have been allowed to remain in the state in which they were found;—but this would have been impossible. Travellers are the greatest thieves in the world. As it is, they will tear down, without scruple, the whole side of a room, to cut out a favourable specimen of the stucco painting. If it were not for this pilfering propensity, we might have seen every thing as it really was left at the time of this great calamity; even to the skeleton, which was found with a purse of gold in its hand, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting “the ruling passion strong in death” in the last object of its anxiety. In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the Museum; the bones being consigned to their parent clay.

Pompeii therefore exhibits nothing but bare walls, and the walls are without roofs; for these have been broken in by the weight of the shower of ashes and pumice stones, that caused the destruction of the town.

The Amphitheatre is very perfect, as indeed are the other two theatres, intended for dramatic representations; though it is evident that they had sustained some injury from the earthquake, which, as we learn from Tacitus, had already much damaged this devoted town, before its final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius :

“Et motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum Pompeii, magna ex parte proruit.” Tacitus, Ann. xv. c. 22.

The paintings on the walls of the Amphitheatre represent the combats of gladiators and wild beasts,—the dens of which remain just as they were seventeen hundred years ago.

The two theatres for dramatic entertainments are as close together as our own Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The larger one, which might have contained five thousand persons, like the amphitheatres, had no roof, but was open to the light of day. The stage is very much circum-

scribed—there is no depth ; and there are consequently no side scenes : the form and appearance are like that of our own theatres, when the drop-scene is down, and forms the extent of the stage. In this back scene of the Roman stage, which, instead of canvass, is composed of unchangeable brick and marble, are three doors ; and there are two others on the sides answering to our own stage-doors. It seems that it was the theatrical etiquette, that *premiers rôles* should have their exits and entrances through the doors of the back scene, and the inferior ones through those on the sides.

The little theatre is in better preservation than the other ; and it is supposed that this was intended for musical entertainments.

The temple of Isis has suffered little injury. The statues, indeed, have been taken away ; but you see the very altar on which the victims were offered ; and you may now ascend without ceremony the private stairs which led to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Goddess, where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may be shrewdly guessed from the curiosities discovered there, which are now to be seen in the *Museo Bor-*

bonico. In a niche, on the outside of the temple, was a statue of *Harpocrates*—the God of Silence—who was most appropriately placed here; but

“Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.”

The streets are very narrow; the marks of wheels on the pavement show that carriages were in use; but there must have been some regulation to prevent their meeting each other; for one carriage would have occupied the whole of the street, except the narrow *trottoir*, raised on each side for foot passengers, for whose accommodation there are also raised stepping-stones, in order to cross from one side to the other. The distance between the wheel-tracks is four feet three inches.

There is often an emblem over the door of a house, that determines the profession of its former owner.—The word “*Salve*” on one, seems to denote that it was an inn, as we have, in our own days, the sign of “*The Salutation*.”—In the outer brick-work of another is carved an emblem, which shocks the refinement of modern taste; but which has been an object even of religious adoration, in many countries, probably as a symbol of creative power. The same device is found on the stucco

of the inner court of another house, with this intimation—*Hic habitat Felicitas*—a sufficient explanation of the character of its inhabitants.

Many of the paintings on the walls are very elegant in the taste and design, and they often assist us in ascertaining the uses for which the different rooms were intended. For example;—in the baths,* we find Tritons, and Naiads; in the bed-chambers, Morpheus scatters his poppies; and in the eating-room, a sacrifice to Esculapius teaches us, that we should eat, to live;—and not live, to eat.—In one of these rooms are the remains of a *triclinium*.

A baker's shop is as plainly indicated as if the loaves were now at his window. There is a mill for the grinding of corn, and the oven for baking; and the surgeon and the druggist have also been traced, by the quality of the articles found in their respective dwellings.

But the most complete specimen that we have of an ancient residence, is the villa which has been discovered at a small distance without the

* In one of the baths, which probably belonged to a female, is a pretty and well-preserved fresco of the story of Actæon.

gate. It is on a more splendid scale than any of the houses in the town itself, and it has been preserved with scarcely any injury.

Some have imagined that this was the *Pompeianum*—the Pompeian Villa of Cicero. Be this as it may—it must have belonged to a man of taste. Situated on a sloping bank, the front entrance opens, as it were, into the first floor; below which, on the garden side, into which the house looks—for the door is the only aperture on the road-side—is a ground floor, with spacious arcades and open rooms, all facing the garden;—and above are the sleeping-rooms. The walls and ceilings of this villa are ornamented with paintings of very elegant design, all which have a relation to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. In the middle of the garden there is a reservoir of water, surrounded by columns, and the ancient well still remains. Though we have many specimens of Roman glass, in their drinking vessels, it has been doubted whether they were acquainted with the use of it for windows. Swinburne, however, in describing Pompeii, says “in the window of a bed-chamber some panes of glass are still remaining.” This would seem to decide the question;—but they remain no longer.

The host was fond of conviviality, if we may judge from the dimensions of his cellar, which extends under the whole of the house and the arcades also; and many of the *amphoræ* remain, in which the wine was stowed. It was here that the skeletons of seven and twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death.

It was in one of the Porticos, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, was found; with a key in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other.

So much for Pompeii:—I lingered amongst its ruins till the close of evening; and have seldom passed a day with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town.*

* Romanelli's hint is worth attention; who recommends travellers to enter Pompeii by the way of the tombs, that so the interest may be kept alive by reserving the more important objects until the last.

19th. Passed the morning in the *Museo Borbonico*;—a magnificent establishment, containing rich collections of statues, pictures, and books. Here too are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were formerly at Portici. When the King was obliged to fly from Naples to Sicily, he took with him, from Portici, every thing that could be easily packed up; these articles have now been brought back, and are arranged in the *Museo Borbonico*.

Here you see—"the ancient most domestic ornaments"—the furniture—the kitchen utensils—the surgical instruments—the trinkets, &c. &c., of the old Romans.

This collection illustrates Solomon's apophthegm, that there is nothing new under the sun.—There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old fashioned at the present day. This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery, and tea-urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things; the bits of the bridles, and the steel-yard and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon's probe, are all very much like our own.

We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans, in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles; and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith's forge. The toilets of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with knick-knacks in those days;—we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing-tables, even to their little crystal boxes of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing that would be fit for a modern lady's dressing-case. We find nothing like knives and forks.

The weight of the steel-yard is generally the head of an Emperor. There is a sun-dial—the gnomon of which is the hinder part of a pig, with the tail sticking up, to cast the shadow. The *tesseræ*, or tickets of admission to the theatres, are of ivory; and I remarked one, with the name of the poet Æschylus written on it in Greek characters. The apparatus of the kitchen may be studied in all its details, through every variety of urn, kettle, and saucepan. The armoury presents to us the very helmets, and breast-plates, and swords, with which the Romans gained the em-

pire of the world; in a word, every thing here excites the liveliest interest, even to the tops, and play-things, which prove the antiquity of our own school-boy amusements; but in these, as in other matters, the poverty of human invention is strikingly displayed;—for, whether we ride upon sticks or play at odd and even, we find that we are only copying the pastimes of children who were wont two thousand years ago—

“*Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ.*”

Among the pictures, there is an old woman selling Cupids to a young female, behind whom stands a sort of duenna, in the attitude of advice and caution. The old retailer of loves holds a fluttering Cupid by the wings, and has another in her cage.

Many articles, even of food, are to be seen, preserved in a charcoal state. There is a loaf of bread on which the baker's name is still visible.

It is easy to recognise the different fruits and vegetables, corn, rice, figs, almonds, walnuts, beans, lentils, &c. They show you also the necklace and bracelets of gold, belonging to the female, whose remains, together with the incrustation of ashes which overwhelmed her—and which, hardened by

time, still retain the impression of her bosom—are preserved at Portici.

In a small room in the Museum are collected those curiosities, which, interesting as they are, as throwing light upon the manners of ancient times, are justly offensive to modern delicacy. The most extraordinary of these are, the ornaments and decorations of the Temple of Isis, some of which will scarcely bear a detailed description.*

Amongst these, there is a priapic goblet; from the mouth of which it is plain that the votaries must have quaffed the wine.

* The *phallic* ornament, worn round the necks of the ladies, as a charm against sterility, appears in every variety of material,—gold, silver, and coral; and invention seems to have been racked, to represent it in every variety of shape.

Sometimes it is a snail peeping out of its shell;—sometimes, a Cupid astride is crowning it with a chaplet; and sometimes it terminates in some frightful reptile, that turns round with an expression of rage;—illustrating perhaps the passage of Horace;—“*mea cum conferbuit ira.*” What can demonstrate more clearly, the coarseness and corruption of ancient taste; unless it be the monstrous conjunctions, consecrated by their abominable superstition, which are still more shocking evidences of the depravity of their imaginations. There is an example of these, in a piece of sculpture, dug up at Herculaneum, now in this museum; which exhibits great powers of expression and execution; but it had better have remained buried under the ruins of Herculaneum.

20th. The weather is beyond measure severe and trying:—with a hot sun, there is a winter wind of the most piercing bitterness. A pulmonary invalid had better avoid Naples at any time, but certainly during the winter, unless he wish to illustrate the proverb, "*Vedi Napoli e po' mori.*" It is not easy for such an invalid, if his case is notorious, to get lodgings; or at least he will, on that account, be asked a *much higher price* for them; for consumption is here considered to be contagious, and in case of death, the whole of the furniture in the occupation of the deceased is burnt, and his rooms are fumigated and white-washed.

Drove to *Capo di Monte*, a palace of the King, in the environs of the town—Palaces, however, are the most tiresome things in the world, for one is just like another—all glitter and tinsel. Here are some of the best works of *Camuccini*. There was one that pleased me much, representing Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades, brought by Aspasia to admire the works of Phidias. This has all the fidelity of an historical picture, for the faces have been closely copied from the antique marbles.

21st. Again to the *Museo*. The library is said to contain 150,000 volumes, and it seems to be

well furnished with the literature of all nations. Permission is easily obtained here, as at the British Museum, to enjoy the privilege of reading. Amongst the curious manuscripts, I was shown the *Aminta* of Tasso, in his own hand-writing—which, by the way, was a vile scrawl.

In another quarter, is a large collection of Etruscan vases, in which the elegance of the form shames the badness of the painting. It is strange that a people, who seem to have had an intuitive tact for the elegant and the beautiful, in the form and shape of their vessels, should have had so little taste in the art of design.

In the collection of pictures there is much that is curious, and much that is beautiful. In the former class, are the specimens of the first essays of the first founders of the art of painting in Italy. It is curious to trace its progress through the different stages of improvement, till it was at last brought to perfection in the age of Raphael.

In the same class, is an original picture of *Columbus*, by Parmeggianino; and a portrait of *Philip the Second* of Spain, which looks the narrow-minded, cold-blooded tyrant, that he was in reality.

And, lastly, here is the original sketch of the

Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards painted his great picture. It has been coloured by a later hand.—It ought to be hung up in the Sistine chapel, as a key to make the fresco intelligible; for much is here seen distinctly, that is quite faded in the large picture. For instance, time has done for Cardinal Biagio, what he in vain asked of the Pope; and it is only in this sketch that the bitter resentment of the painter is recorded, which placed him amongst the damned, in the gripe of a malignant dæmon—who is dragging him down to the bottomless pit, in a manner at once the most ferocious and degrading.

In the latter class, there are many that deserve enumeration. Two *Holy Families* by Raphael, are full of the almost heavenly graces with which he, above all other painters, has embellished this subject.

There are two landscapes;—and a wild witch, on a wilder heath, in the very wildest style of Salvator Rosa.

Titian's *Danae* is all that is lovely and luscious; and there are some charming pictures of Corregio;—but, I believe, this collection altogether detained me less than it deserved; for, after feasting the

imagination, in the galleries of Florence and Rome, with the contemplation of the very finest efforts of the pencil, it requires excellence to stimulate the languid attention, and satisfy the increasing fastidiousness of the taste. This is a cruel deduction from the pleasure which is expected to be derived from familiarity with excellence, and improvement in knowledge; so that, after all it may be doubted whether we grow happier, as we grow wiser; and, perhaps, those who are at the most pains to see the best that is to be seen—to read the best that is to be read—and to hear the best that is to be heard—are only labouring to exhaust the sources of innocent gratification, and incapacitating themselves from future enjoyment, by approaching nearer to that condition which has been so truly described as a state of

“ Painful pre-eminence yourself to view,

“ Above life’s weakness, and its comforts too !”

22d. Yesterday we had December’s wind; to-day we have November’s rain; and such is the climate of Naples.

Dined with an Italian family, to whom I brought letters of recommendation from Rome. This was the first occasion that I have had of seeing an

Italian dress dinner;—but there was scarcely any thing strange to excite remark. The luxury of the rich is nearly the same throughout Europe. Some trifling particularities struck me, though I think the deviations from our own customs were all improvements. There was no formal top and bottom to the table, which was round, and the host could not be determined from his place. All the dishes were removed from the table as they were wanted, carved by a servant at the side-board and handed round. Each person was provided with a bottle of wine, and a bottle of water, as with a plate, and knife and fork. There was no asking to drink wine, nor drinking of healths; no inviting people to eat, nor carving for them. All these duties devolved on the domestics; and the conversation, which, in England, as long as dinner lasts, is often confined to the business of eating, with all its important auxiliaries of sauces and seasonings, took its free course, unchecked by any interruptions arising out of the business in hand. This is surely the perfection of comfort—to be able to eat and drink what you please without exciting attention or remark;—and I cannot but think it would be a great improve-

ment upon our troublesome fashion of *passing the bottle*, to substitute the Italian mode of placing a separate decanter to each person.

Economy, in a country where wine is so dear as in England, can be the only objection; for, though I have heard some persons argue that the pleasure of drinking is increased by a common participation in the very same bottle; such a notion can scarcely be founded in reason, unless it is allowed that this pleasure is still more exquisitely enjoyed in the tap-room, where each man partakes of the same mug, without even the intervention of glasses. For my part, I am for extending the privilege of Idomeneus's cup to every guest:

πλεῖον δέπας αἰεὶ

Ἔσυχ', ὥσπερ ἐμοὶ, πίειν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι.

ILIAD, iv. 262.

But an invitation to dinner is a rare occurrence in Italy; for dinner is not here, generally speaking, the social feast of elaborate enjoyment, which we are accustomed to make it in England—occupying a considerable portion of the day, and constituting the principal object of meeting—but a slovenly meal, despatched in haste, and in disha-

bille;—and it is for this reason that an Englishman is rarely invited, except on extraordinary occasions, to partake of it.

In the evening, to a *conversazione*, at the archbishop of Tarento's;—one of the finest and most respectable-looking old men I ever saw. The intercourse of society is perhaps managed better abroad than in England. The system of being at home in the evening, to those persons with whom you are desirous of associating, without the formality of sending a special invitation, facilitates that pleasant and easy society, which enlivens, without at all destroying, the retirement of domestic life;—and it is carried on with no greater expense than a few additional cups of coffee, or glasses of lemonade. How much more rational is such a friendly intercourse, than the formal morning visits, or the heartless evening routs, of our own country!

23d. Again to the *Museo*.—Examined the ingenious machinery employed to unroll the manuscripts found at Herculaneum. These are reduced to a state of tinder, but the writing is still legible. From the specimen that I saw, it seemed necessary, however, to supply at least a fifth, by conjecture. Curiosity is kept alive till the last,

for the name of the author is inscribed on the beginning of the manuscript, and this of course cannot appear till the whole roll is unravelled. The collection of statues is very extensive, but I must repeat, of the statues, what I have said of the pictures. After the Tribune—the Capitol—and the Vatican—what remains to be seen in sculpture?—and yet the *Venus callipyge* is a most beautiful creature;—but how shall we excuse her attitude?

The famous *Farnese Hercules* may be calculated to please an anatomist, but certainly no one else. This is the work of Glycon, and is perhaps the allusion of Horace, in his first epistle, where he mentions the “*invicti membra Glyconis* ;”—a passage that does not seem to be satisfactorily explained.

The Flora is generally admired ; but a colossal statue is seldom a pleasing object, and never when it represents a woman. Gigantic proportions are absolutely inconsistent with female loveliness.

24th to 28th. Confined to the house with a cough;—the effect of the bitter wind that has been blowing upon us from the mountains.—The Lord deliver me from another winter at Naples! —Our episcopal landlord turns out a very caitiff.

The last occupier of our lodgings—a young Englishman, who was confined to his bed by illness—had occasion to send a bill to his banker's to be cashed; on which errand he employed the servant of Monsignore. As it has been imputed to Italian bankers that they sometimes mis-count dollars, he took the precaution to examine immediately the contents of his bag. Finding that there was a deficiency of twenty dollars, he summoned the servant, and being unable to get any explanation, he was preparing a note to the banker to institute an inquiry, when the man confessed that his master had stopped him, upon his return, and taken twenty dollars out of the bag;—trusting, as it seems, to the proverbial carelessness of our countrymen. If a bishop will do this, what might we not expect from the poorer classes of society? and yet I must confess I have never met with any such dishonesty in the lower orders, except amongst the pick-pockets in the *Strada Toledo*.

In an arbitrary government like that of Naples, a stranger is surprised by the freedom of speech which prevails on political subjects. The people seem full of discontent. In the coffee-houses, restaurateurs, nay, even in the streets, you hear

the most bitter invectives against the government and tirades against the royal family.

One would imagine, from such general complainings, that the government was in danger—but all seems to evaporate in talk; and indeed Gen. Church (an Englishman) at the head of a body of 5,000 foreign troops, is engaged in stopping the mouths of the more determined reformers; which may probably explain the secret of the stability of the present system.

It must be owned that the people have some grounds for complaint; for the King has not only retained all the imposts which Murat, under the pressure of war, found it necessary to levy, but he has also revived many of the ways and means of the old regime. The property-tax alone amounts to twenty-five per cent.; and there is a sort of excise, by which every roll that is eaten by the beggar in the streets, is made to contribute a portion to the government purse.

The military, both horse and foot, make a very respectable appearance. To the eye, they are as fine soldiers as any in Europe; and the grenadiers of the King's guard, dressed in the uniform of our own guards, might be admired even in Hyde Park.

But it appears that they do not like fighting. The Austrian general Nugent married a Neapolitan princess, and is now commander in chief of that very army which, under Murat, ran away from him like a flock of sheep.

It is the fashion to consider soldiers as mere machines, and to maintain that discipline will make soldiers of any men whatever. This may be true as a general rule ;—but may not a slavish submission to a despotic government for a long period of years, and confirmed habits of effeminate indolence, on the part of any people, produce an hereditary taint in their blood—gradually making what was *habit* in the parent, *constitution* in the offspring—and so deteriorate the breed, that no immediate management or discipline shall be able to endue such a race with the qualities necessary to constitute a soldier ? If this maxim need illustration, I would appeal to the conduct of the Neapolitan army in Murat's last campaign.

CHAPTER VII.

Virgil's Tomb—Pozzuoli—Baïæ—Monte Nuovo—Avernus
—Tomb of Scipio—Solfatara—Grotta del Cane—Sirocco
Wind—Gaming-tables—Quay—Burial of the Dead—
Portici Museum—Murat—Vesuvius—Herculaneum—
Lazzaroni—Opera.

March 1st. THE summer sun of to-day brings me again out of my hiding-place.—Explored the Grotto of Posilipo; and the Tomb of Virgil—as it is called; though there is little doubt that the poet was buried on the other side of the bay. On a marble slab which is inserted in the rock opposite the entrance of the sepulchre, is the following inscription:—

QUI CINERES? TVMVLI HÆC VESTIGIA • CONDITVR OLIM
ILLE HOC QVI CECINIT PASCVA RVRA DVCES •
CAN • REG • M'D'LIIII

Eustace, in his account, gives us Virgil's own couplet of *Mantua me genuit*, &c., but the real inscription is as I have transcribed it. How this came to be substituted for Virgil's, may be difficult to explain;—but being there, it is more difficult to understand why Eustace should give

an inscription that does not exist, when the true one was staring him in the face.*

This tomb ought to yield a good revenue to the proprietor. The English pilgrims are the most numerous. A bay-tree once grew out of the top of it; but the keeper told me that the English had pulled off the leaves, as long as any remained; in the same spirit, I suppose, which induced the ladies in England to pull the hairs out of the tail of Platoff's horse. It has been since cut up altogether, and not a root is left to mark the spot.

Beautiful drive along the coast, on the *Strada Nuova*.—This road was the work of Murat, who has done a vast deal to improve and embellish

* Some fatality seems to hang over this inscription, which I have never yet seen printed correctly;—and which indeed is scarcely worth recording. In correcting the first impression of my work, I was induced to alter the hasty transcript I had made on the spot, in deference to a friend in whose accuracy I had more faith than in my own. It turns out however after all that my original note was correct, and therefore the true reading is now restored, as well as the punctuation, which might easily escape notice without careful observation. The last line is perhaps not the least important of the three, as serving to fix the date of this semi-barbarous distich.

Naples. It was he who enlarged and laid out the *Villa Reale*, in the English style of shrubbery, which forms a delightful promenade between the Chiaja and the sea.

In the centre of this walk is the group of *Dirce*, commonly called the *Toro Farnese*.—Pliny tells us it was cut out of a single block—

“*Zethus et Amphion, ac Dirce, et Taurus, vinculumque ex eodem lapide, Rhodo advecta, opera Apollonii et Taurisci.*”

But the integrity of the original block has been much invaded; for, the head and arms of *Dirce*—the head and arms of *Antiope*—the whole of *Amphion* and *Zethus*, except the bodies and one leg—and the legs and rope of the bull—are modern.

2d. Excursion to *Pozzuoli* and *Baiæ*; where all is fairy ground.—Here you may wander about, with *Virgil* and *Horace* in your hand, and moralize over the changes that time has produced.—How are the mighty fallen!—Here the great ones of the earth retired, from the noise and smoke of *Rome*, to their voluptuous villas. *Baiæ* was the *Brighton*, the *Cheltenham*—or, perhaps, with more propriety, the *Bath of Rome*;—for it was a winter retreat. The rage for building was car-

ried to an extent that made it necessary to encroach upon the sea:

“ Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor.”

But their *redemptors* built with more solid materials than our modern builders, whose structures will never endure to afford the remnant of a ruin, seventeen hundred years hence, to our curious posterity, as a sample of the style of building of their ancestors.

One might fancy that Horace had been gifted with a prophetic sight of the changes that have taken place, when he wrote

“ Debemur morti nos, nostraque ; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus—”

Who can recognise, in the present appearance of the *Lucrine* Lake, any vestiges of the superb description of Virgil?

“ An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra :
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
Iulia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso,
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernus ?

But it is thus that the fashion of this world passeth away. The lovely *Lucrine*—the scene

of imperial *Regatas*—is now a mere morass—or at most a fenny fish-pond. It was curtailed of its fair proportions, and indeed almost filled up, by the monstrous birth of the *Monte Nuovo*—the offspring of a volcano—which burst out in 1538 with a fearful eruption of flames and fire; the ashes of which, after being shot up into the air to an immense height, in their descent formed this prodigious mountain of cinders.

Avernus has no longer any thing diabolical about it. The axe of Agrippa, by levelling the woods that enveloped it in impenetrable gloom, and mysterious dread, long ago deprived the lake of all its terrors. Silius Italicus describes the change which had already taken place in his time :—

“ Ille, olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verso,
Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum.”

Popular superstition might well fix upon such a spot, situated in the midst of volcanoes, and supposed to be of unfathomable depth, as the mouth of hell: Homer probably followed the real belief of his time, in sending Ulysses thither;—and Virgil followed Homer. But if Italy has furnished the hells of the poet, it has also supplied them with the scenery of Elysium. Milton seems

to have culled the flowers of his delicious garden of Eden, from the soft and sublime scenery of Tuscany; and the charming retreats in the neighbourhood of Avernus, were probably the prototypes of Virgil's habitations of the blessed; though he could scarcely intend to fix the geographical position of his *Elysium*, which, by the concluding words, seems evidently transferred to another world—" *Solemque suum sua sidera norunt.*"

From hence we made a pilgrimage to *Torre di Patria*—the ancient *Liternum*,—the retreat and the tomb of Scipio. The word "*Patria*," is still legible on the wall of a watch-tower, which, you are told, is all that remains of the angry epitaph which he dictated himself:—" *Ingrata Patria, neque enim mea ossa habebis.*" It is evident, however, that this tower is of modern construction, and therefore, the inscription on it only affords evidence of the tradition that this was the place of Scipio's interment. And this tradition is at least as old as Pliny, who tells us there was a notion, that a dragon watched over the manes of Scipio, in a cavern at Liternum.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. xvi. cap. 44.

Such traditions have usually some foundation in truth. But it is extraordinary that the memory of

so great a man should not have outlived his grave long enough to enable history to record where he was buried. All that we gain from Livy however on this point, rests on the same vague tradition:—
“*Silentium deinde de Africano fuit. Vitam Litterni egit, sine desiderio urbis. Morientem rure eo ipso loco sepeliri se jussisse ferunt, monumentumque ibi ædificari, ne funus sibi in ingrata patria fieret.*” A heap of stones is all that remains of the ruins of *Liternum*!

We hurried rapidly over the ruins of *Pozzuoli*, in our way home. A peasant showed us a tomb containing three *Sarcophagi*, which he had lately discovered in his vineyard. He complained bitterly that the King had sent a party of soldiers to remove one of these to his *Museo*, without giving him any remuneration. Further excavation might lead to the discovery of curious remains of antiquity;—but who excavate on such terms? The bones in the *Sarcophagi* were in perfect preservation.

Solfatara is well worth seeing.—Murat carried on sulphur works here, for his domestic manufacture of gunpowder.—Three pounds of stone yield one pound of sulphur. *Solfatara* is the crater of an extinguished volcano—it is a fearful

spot; the smoke now bursts out in many places;—the whole area is hollow;—and the ground vibrates when you stamp with your foot. Water is found at the depth of thirty feet.

Alum works are also carried on here. Earth and water are put into a large earthen vessel, which is sunk up to the brim in the soil, the heat of which causes the water to boil, and, as this evaporates, the alum is deposited in a crystallized state on the sides of the vessel.

It is from the waters of *Solfatara*, that the baths of *Pozzuoli* are supplied; which are said to be very efficacious in cutaneous and rheumatic disorders.

3d. The weather continuing fine, we drove to the lake of *Agnano*; situated in a delightfully retired valley, surrounded by hills. On the border of this lake is the *Grotta del Cane*. Travellers have made a great display of sensibility in their strictures upon the spectacle exhibited here; but, to all appearance, the dog did not care much about it. It may be said with truth of him, that he is *used to it*; for he dies many times a day, and he went to the place of execution wagging his tail.

He became insensible in two minutes;—but upon being laid on the grass, he revived from

his trance in a few seconds, without the process of immersion in the lake, which is generally mentioned as necessary to his recovery. From the voracity with which he bolted down a loaf of bread which I bought for him, the vapour does not appear to injure the animal functions.

Addison seems to have been very particular in his experiments upon the vapour of this cavern. He found that a pistol would not take fire in it; but, upon laying a train of gunpowder, and igniting it beyond the sphere of the vapour, he found, "that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end." He subjected a dog to a second trial in order to ascertain whether he was longer in expiring the first than the second time:—and he found there was no sensible difference. A viper bore it *nine minutes* the first time he put it in, and ten minutes the second:—and he attributes the prolonged duration of the second trial to the large provision of air that the viper laid in after his first death, upon which stock he supposes it to have existed a minute longer, the second time.

4th. Read the *Italian* in a French translation; and afterwards explored the church of *S. Nicolo*,

where Mrs. Radcliffe has laid the scene of that admirable interview between the Marchesa and Schedoni, at Vespers; during which they plot the death of Ellena. I went afterwards to the church of *S. Severo*, where there are some statues of great celebrity. One represents a female covered with a veil, which is most happily executed in marble, and has all the effects of transparency. This new effect of sculpture was the invention and the work of *Corradini*, a Venetian.

There is another statue of the same kind, in the same church, by the same workman;—a dead Christ—covered with the same marble imitation of a thin gauze veil, which appears as if it were moist with the cold damp of death.

There is also a statue of a figure in a net, the celebrated work of *Queirolo*, a Genoese; which is a model of pains and patience. It is cut out of a single block: yet the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue.

5th. Explored the scenery of the *Italian*. Went to vespers at the church of *Spirito Santo*; but the places themselves are as different from Mrs. Radcliffe's romantic description, as the fat unmeaning faces of the present monks are from the sublime portrait of her stern and terrible Sche-

doni. But it is ever thus. Life is only tolerable in a romance, where all that is common-place and disgusting is kept out of sight;—for what is the reality but, as Mr. Shandy says, to shift about from side to side, and from sorrow to sorrow—to button up one vexation, only to unbutton another!

6th. Seized with an acute pain in the side.

9th. Decided pleurisy—summoned an English surgeon to my assistance. High fever—Copious bleeding.—Owe my life, under Heaven, to the lancet; whose repeated application was necessary to relieve me from the intolerable distress under which I had been gasping for some days. I find pleurisy is the *endemic* of Naples.

14th. *Ægri Somnia*—If a man be tired of the slow lingering progress of consumption, let him repair to Naples; and the *dénouement* will be much more rapid. The *sirocco* wind, which has been blowing for six days, continues with the same violence.

The effects of this south-east blast, fraught with all the plagues of the deserts of Africa, are immediately felt in that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits, which is the most intolerable of diseases. This must surely be the "*plumbeus Auster*" of Horace.

Neapolitan gossips.—It seems there is a great dispute at present between the Pope and the King of Naples. His Holiness claims feudal superiority over the kingdom, as a fief of the popedom; and, indeed, it would appear, that he has always exercised the right of investiture to every sovereign of Naples, since the foundation of the monarchy by Roger the Norman.

Murat, who, in the days of his prosperity, laughed at the papal pretensions, after the downfall of Napoleon, thought it prudent to make his submission to his Holiness, and was about to obtain the papal investiture.

It is incontestable, that a certain tribute has always been paid annually by the King to the Pope. The Pope receives this as an acknowledgment of his feudal superiority; the King would fain consider it as a charitable contribution of Peter's Pence. The question is still left open, and here the matter rests.

In another branch of the dispute, the King has gained his point, and established his claim to appoint his own Bishops;—subject to the papal confirmation.

The King of Naples is the oldest *reigning* sovereign in Europe, having ascended the throne

in 1759. Though a devotee in religion, he is so fond of field-sports that he cannot give up the pleasures of the *chasse*, for a single day; and he has actually obtained a dispensation from the Pope to permit him to shoot on Sundays! It must be remembered, however, in his excuse, that he is seventy and odd years old, and has therefore no time to lose.

15th. Convalescence.—Crawled to the Archbishop of Tarento's—Small collection of pictures;—three by Murillo excellent.

First day of Passion week.—There is a strange mixture of straining and swallowing in the observance of Lent here. The opera and the theatres have been open; but the ballet has been suppressed; Dancing, it would seem, is more unholy than singing or gambling; for the gaming-hell, under the same roof with the opera, and under the sanction of government, has been allowed to go on without interruption—

“Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Ditis.*

This is a very large establishment; it holds its daily session in a house in the Corso; and ad-

* It ought to be recorded to the honour of the revolutionary government in 1820, that one of their first acts was to suppress those public gaming-tables.

journs in the evening to a splendid suite of rooms in the upper part of the opera house. The Neapolitans are devoted to play, and they pursue it with a fatal energy, that hurries many of them to the last stage of the road to ruin.—The relaxation of morals, as you advance towards the south, is very striking.—I am afraid to believe all that I hear of the licentiousness of Naples; but I see enough to make me think nothing impossible.

The plain speaking of the Neapolitan Ladies is truly surprising;—they call every thing by its right name, without any circumlocution;—and in the relation of a story, whatever be the character of the incidents, there is nothing left to be collected by inference, but the facts are broadly and plainly told, with the most circumstantial details.

16th. The gaming-table is permitted to go on even during the present week; and the only restraint imposed upon this den of destruction is a short interdict, from Thursday next to Sunday; when the doors will be re-opened. Strange infatuation! that men should thus devotedly pursue a fancied good by means which—occupying all their time and absorbing all their interest—must

take away the power of profiting by its acquisition :

—et propter *nummos nummorum* perdere causas—

for it almost universally happens, that the *means* at last become the *end*;—money being seldom, I believe, the object of any but the selfish calculating gamester. The true children of play are delighted with the pursuit, and care as little for the object, as the sportsman does for the fox.—They find, in the vicissitudes of play, that strong excitement of the soul, which furnishes a constant succession of deep and agitating emotions. There are minds so unhappily constituted, that, to them, the innocent and peaceful pleasures of tranquil security are as insipid and disgusting, as milk and water would be to the lover of brady. *Ennui* is too light a term for that heaviness of spirit, and weariness of soul, which find all the uses of the world stale, flat, and unprofitable. The stagnant puddle of existence then must be stirred and freshened, by the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of the passions; and this stimulant is sought in the dangers of war, the fever of ambition, or the hopes and fears of love. But love, and war, and ambition, are not within the reach of all;—while

the gaming-table is ever at hand. The passion for play is universal, and seems to have its root in the very heart of man;—no rank, or age, or sex, is exempt from its influence. The silken baron of civilization, and the naked savage of the desert, show how nearly they are related, in the common eagerness with which they fly to gaming, for relief from the same *tedium vite*, the same oppressive void of occupation, which is, of all voids, that which nature—at least human nature—abhors the most.

I was a witness, this morning, of the effect of the procession of the Host upon these orgies. At the sound of the bell—the groom-porter suspended the work of dealing;—and there was a half-solemn, half-sneering pause, till the bell was out of hearing. All England would exclaim against the government that could be accessory to the corruption of the morals of its subjects, by the encouragement of gaming-tables, for the sake of the revenues derived from such unhallowed practices; but there are too many of us, who cannot, because they will not, see, that evils of the same kind—though it is to be hoped in a less degree—are produced by our own system of state lotteries.

17th. At this pious season, the strangest dramatic representations are prepared for the edification of the people.—There is no disputing about taste;—if a man, in London, were to get up a puppet-show, to represent the ministry, passion, crucifixion, and ascension of the Saviour; he would probably receive an intimation, the next day, from the Attorney-general; and have to defend himself against a charge of blasphemy. All this however I saw this morning for three half-pence, very fairly represented in a theatre on the quay, by puppets of three feet high, to a crowded and admiring audience. The opposition theatre held out the temptation of a grand spectacle—representing Lord Exmouth's exploits at Algiers; but I ought to record, that the sacred piece seemed to be most attractive.

The quay of Naples affords a scene, such as I think can scarcely be equalled in the world. Tom Fool is there in all his glory—with such a motley train at his heels, and with such a chorus of noise and nonsense—wit and waggy—fun and foolery—all around him; that, however a man may be disgusted at first, the effect in the end is like that of Munden's face in a stupid farce—where that admirable actor condescends to buffoonery, to

save the author of his piece ; you are constrained to laugh in spite of yourself.

18th. Spring has once more returned in good earnest. Visited the *Albergo dei Poveri*; a sort of Foundling Hospital, and House of Industry. Here we saw 1,500 men and boys; and about as many women and girls. From whence we drove to the *Campo Santo*—the great *Golgotha* of Naples. It is situated on a rising ground behind the town; about a mile and a half from the gate. Within its walls, are 365 caverns; one is opened every day for the reception of the dead, the great mass of whom, as soon as the rites of religion have been performed, are brought here for sepulture. There were fifteen cast in, while we were there; men, women, and children—without a rag to cover them; literally fulfilling the words of Scripture:—“As he came forth out of his mother’s womb, naked shall he return, to go as he came!” I looked down into this frightful charnel-house;—it was a shocking sight—a mass of blood and garbage;—for many of the bodies had been opened at the hospitals. Cock-roaches, and other reptiles, were crawling about in all their glory. “We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: that’s the end!”

We made the sexton of this dreary abode, who, by the way, had been employed in this daily work for eleven years, open the stone of the next day's grave, which had been sealed up for a year. The flesh was entirely gone; for, in such a fermenting mass, the work of corruption must go on swimmingly. Quick-lime is added to hasten the process, and nothing seemed to remain but a dry heap of bones and skulls. What must be the feelings of those, who can suffer the remains of a Friend, a Sister, a Mother, or a Wife, to be thus disposed of? Indifferent as I feel to the posthumous fate of my own remains, Heaven grant that I may at least rest and rot *alone*;—without being mixed up in so horrible a human hash as this!

There were some women saying *Ave Marias*, within the square, for the departed souls of their friends; but our arrival took them from this pious work, and set them upon some calculations—connected with us, and our carriage, and the number of it—to direct them in the selection of lucky numbers in the lottery, upon their return to Naples!

19th. The king waited upon a company of beggars at their meal; and afterwards washed their feet. This day is observed with the greatest

solemnity. No carriages have been allowed to move about the streets. All the higher classes have put on mourning, and the soldiers have paraded, with arms reversed, and muffled drums. In the evening, the king, attended by his whole court, walked in procession, bareheaded, through the Toledo; visiting the churches in his route, and kneeling before the images of the Virgin, who, on this occasion, is dressed in deep mourning.

20th. Good Friday.—Continuation of the mourning of yesterday.—It must be confessed that there is much more of religious observance in Catholic, than in Protestant countries. Then comes the question, to what extent is it wholesome to encourage these outward observances? If too much importance be given to them, there is danger that religion will stop there, and degenerate into a mere homage of rites and ceremonies, in the place of that homage of our hearts and lives, which the Christian religion requires of us. And this is the objection which we make against the Catholics. Again, if there be no attention paid to forms, there is danger that the substance may be lost sight of; and that a religion without any rites, will soon become no religion at all; and this, I

apprehend, is the objection that the Catholics make against the Protestants. Both sides agree that some ceremonial is necessary, and it is only a question of degree between them after all. In determining this question of degree, it is not easy to lay down a rule that would be universally applicable, for it must vary with the different characters and habits of different nations; and perhaps climate would not be without its influence, in regulating the standard of propriety. For example, the natives of the south seem to have an intuitive love of show and spectacle, which forms a strong contrast with the plain and simple habitudes of the northern nations. And this consideration ought perhaps to have made me more tolerant in my remarks on Catholic ceremonies abroad;—for I believe that they may be less characteristic of the religion itself, than of the taste of the people.

21st. The Paschal Lamb, which I have observed in many of the houses, as a sort of pet during Lent, appears no more. The knife is at work for tomorrow's feast.

Drove to *Portici*.—The museum consists principally of specimens of the paintings found at Pompeii. These remains are very interesting, as illustrative of the state of the art amongst the

Romans ; but it would be ridiculous to take the paintings on the walls of the houses of a provincial town as the standard of their skill.

It is fair to suppose, that the taste of the ancients was as refined and fastidious in painting, as in the sister art of sculpture ; and that the praises which they have lavished upon Zeuxis and Apelles, would have been supported by their works, if these works had come down to us.

All traces of these great masters are lost ; but, we know some of the most admired pieces of the latter were brought by Augustus to Rome ; and Pliny's descriptions, which do remain, seem to demonstrate that they must have been executed in a much higher style of finishing, and with a technical knowledge, that will in vain be sought in the painted walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Many of these, however, are designed with great taste, grace, and feeling ; and, if we suppose that the works of Zeuxis and Apelles were as superior to these, as the *Last Judgment*, and the *School of Athens*, are to the painted walls of a modern Italian room, we shall probably not form too high an estimate of the excellence of the great masters of ancient art. One of the most elegant figures in this museum, is the picture of a female,

with a pencil and tablets in her hand, which they call Sappho. The story of the picture is often plain, as in that of Orestes, Pylades, and Iphigenia, in the temple of Diana. Thus, too, we cannot mistake the representation of a school-master's room, where an unhappy culprit is horsed on the back of one of his fellows—precisely as the same discipline is administered in many parts of England at present.

We have also a specimen of their taste in caricature. A little delicate chariot, that might have been made by the fairies' coachmaker, is drawn by a parrot, and driven by a grasshopper. This is said to be a satirical representation of Nero's absurd pretensions as a Singer and a Driver; for Suetonius tells us he made his debut on the Neapolitan theatre:—" *Et prodit Neapoli primum : ibidem sæpius et per complures cantavit dies.*"

We adjourned afterwards to the royal palace, which was fitted up by Murat. Every thing remains in the state he left it, except that the family pictures of himself, and his wife, and her two brothers, Napoleon and Joseph, have been taken down from their high places, and thrust into a garret, "amongst the common lumber." He is represented in a fancy dress, which is almost ridi-

culously fantastic, with ear-rings in his ears, but, though a fine handsome man, I doubt whether he has not a little the air of Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes. Madame Murat's room and adjoining bath are strikingly elegant and luxurious. In her dressing-room is a small library; in which I observed that the majority of the books were translations of English authors;—Gibbon, Fielding, Hume, Thomson, Coxe's *House of Austria*, Mrs. Radcliffe, and a long train of novels. In Joachim's room, almost every article of furniture is ornamented with the head of his favourite Henry IV.—the royal model which he is said to have proposed to himself—but he was not fortunate enough to meet with a *Sully* for his minister; and he lived to learn that the “divinity which used to hedge a King,” was to be no protection to him, though he had won a crown by his valour, and worn it with the consent and acknowledgment of all Europe. That man must have the feelings of humanity strangely perverted by political enmities, who can read the story of his ignominious death without pity.

The leading feature in his character seems to have been, that gallant generous bravery so becoming a soldier, which he displayed on all occa-

sions. In his very last retreat, he is said to have risked his life, to save the son of one of his nobility, who wanted the courage to do it himself. They were crossing the river, under the fire of the Austrians; the horse of the young man was wounded, and his situation appeared hopeless. Joachim, moved by the distress of the father, plunged into the stream, and brought the son in safety to the bank, where the father had remained a helpless spectator of the whole transaction. But peace be to his ashes.—I am no advocate for the scum, to which the fermentation of the French Revolution has given such undue elevation; but there are always exceptions;—and Joachim, however he might be tainted with the original sin of the school in which he was bred, had deserved too well of mankind, by his own conduct in power, not to merit more compassion than he found, in the hour of his adversity.

In the gardens of Portici is a Fort, built to teach the present King the art of fortification, during his childhood; and in the upper apartment is a curious mechanical table, which is made to furnish a dinner, without the attendance of domestics.

In the centre of the table is a trap-door. The

dinner is sent up by pulleys from the kitchen below. Each person has six bell-handles attached to his place, which ring in the kitchen, inscribed with the articles most in request at dinner. These are hoisted up by invisible agents something after the fashion of the entertainment in *Beauty and the Beast*;—or, to compare it with something less romantic, and nearer home, Mr. O.'s establishment at Lanark, where dinner is served up by steam! A double chain, arranged like the ropes of a draw-well, sends up the dinner on one side, and carries down the dirty plates, &c. on the other.

22d. Easter Sunday.—Grand holiday.—A feast at Portici, which reminded me of Greenwich fair.—The dress of the peasantry gaudy and glittering;—crimson satin gowns, covered with tinsel.

Excursion to Vesuvius.—My surgeon warned me against this ascent, but I was resolved to go. To leave Naples, without seeing Vesuvius, would be worse than to die at Naples, after seeing Vesuvius. The ascent was laborious enough, but no part of the labour fell upon my shoulders; When we arrived at the foot of the perpendicular steep, where it was necessary to leave our mules; while my companions toiled up on foot, I got into an easy arm-chair, and was carried on the shoulders

of eight stout fellows, to my own great astonishment, and to the greater amusement of my friends, who expected every moment to see us all roll over together. I certainly should not have thought the thing practicable, if I had not tried it; for the ascent is as steep as it is well possible to be; the surface however is rugged; and this enabled the men to keep their footing. It was not the pleasantest ride in the world; for, without pretending to any extraordinary sensibility, there is something disagreeable in overcoming difficulties by the sweat of other men's brows, even if they are well paid for it. The men however seemed to enjoy it exceedingly.

When you arrive at the top, it is an awful sight, more like the infernal regions, than any thing that human imagination could suggest. As you approach the great crater, the crust upon which you tread becomes so hot, that you cannot stand long on the same place—your progress is literally "*per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*;"—if you push your stick an inch below the surface, it takes fire, and you may light paper by thrusting it into any of the cracks of the crust. The craters of the late eruption were still vomiting forth flames and smoke, and when we threw down large stones into these

fiery mouths, one might have thought they were replying to Lear's imprecation—" *Rumble thy belly full!—Spit fire!*"—Altogether, it was a most sublime and impressive scene, and may be classed amongst the very few things in the world that do not disappoint expectation.

The look down, into the great crater at the summit, is frightfully grand; and when you turn away from the contemplation of this fearful abyss, you are presented with the most forcible contrast, in the rich and luxuriant prospect of Naples, and the surrounding country; where all is soft and smiling as far as the eye can see.

In our way home we explored Herculaneum; which scarcely repays the labour. This town is filled up with lava, and with a cement caused by the large mixture of water, with the shower of earth and ashes that destroyed it; and it is choked up, as completely as if molten lead had been poured into it. Here therefore the work of excavation was so laborious, that all which could be done has been to cut a few passages. Besides, it is forty feet below the surface, and another town is now built over it; so that you grope about under ground by torchlight, and see nothing.

Pompeii, on the contrary, was destroyed by a

shower of cinders, in which there was a much less quantity of water. It lay, for centuries, only twelve feet below the surface; and these cinders being easily removed, the town has been again restored to the light of day.

In the evening the Theatre of S. Carlo re-opened with a new opera, and a splendid ballet.

23d. The finest-looking men in Naples are the *Lazzaroni*; the lowest class in the order of society; answering to the *Lazzi* in the old Saxon division of classes in our own island: "*Dividebantur antiqui Saxones in tres ordines; Edilingos, Filingos, et Lazzos; hoc est, nobiles, ingenuos, serviles. Restat antiquæ appellationis commemoratio, Ignaros enim lazze hodie dicimus.*"—(Spelman.)

But, if Lazzaroni be at all connected with laziness, the term has little application to the bearers of burdens in Naples; unless it be explained in the same manner as *lucus à non lucendo*. If they are fond of sprawling in the sun, they are enjoying the holiday of repose which they have earned by their own industry; and which they have a right to dispose of according to their own taste. There is an amphibious class of these fellows, who seem to live in the water. I have stood watching a boat for hours, which I had at first imagined was

adrift, without an owner; to which one of these fishermen would occasionally mount out of the water with an oyster, and then, down he went again, in search of another.

They appear to be a merry joyous race, with a keen relish for drollery, and endued with a power of feature, that is shown in the richest exhibitions of comic grimace. Swinburne says well, that Hogarth ought to have visited Naples, to have beheld the "*sublime of caricature*."

I know few sights more ludicrous, than that which may be enjoyed by treating a Lazzarone to as many yards of *macaroni* as he can contrive to slide down his throat without breaking its continuity.

Their dexterity is almost equal to that of the Indian Jugglers, and much more entertaining.

24th. In ascending the scale of society, we do not find progressive improvement in information, as we mount to the top.

The ignorance of the higher classes has long been proverbial. Murat had instituted a female school of education, on a large scale, which was well attended by the principal families in Naples; and a taste for knowledge was beginning to spread very rapidly;—but Murat is dead! The most

thriving profession is the law;—and almost every tenth man is a lawyer.

25th. Went in the evening to the *Teatro Nuovo*, where Italian tragedies and comedies are performed; and which is attended, particularly by the younger classes of the Neapolitans, as a school of pronunciation, and a lesson in language. Nothing can be more barbarous than the Neapolitan dialect. There was but little *vis comica* in the performance; and indeed the piece was a suspirious, lacrymose, white-handkerchief business translated from a sentimental German comedy.

The rustic, who seems to be the same—at least in the stage representation of the character—all the world over, was well done, and reminded me of Emery.

26th. Intended excursion to Pæstum. Prevented by a fresh attack of pleurisy. Perhaps there is no great cause for regret; for, however fine the ruins may be, there is no story of the olden time to make them particularly interesting. If ruins are sought out as mere objects to please the eye, I doubt if there be any thing in Italy that could be put in comparison with Tintern Abbey. But it is the deeds that have been done, and the men that did them—the Scipios, and the Catos,

and the Brutuses—that invest the ruins of Rome with their great charm and interest. Independently of these recollections, there is perhaps nothing to be seen in Italy so *beautiful* as the light, elegant, and graceful ruins of a Gothic Abbey.

This associating principle seems to operate, and give an interest, even to places where the adventures which make them memorable are notoriously fictitious; for to no other cause can I attribute the pains I have taken to identify the scenery of *the Italian*; and I experienced serious disappointment at being unable to find the ruined archway in which Vivaldi was intercepted by the mysterious monk, in his visits to the villa of Signora Bianca;—which had probably never any existence except in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe.

The vicissitudes of the weather here are beyond every thing I have ever felt. During Easter week, it was intensely hot. On the 28th of March, Vesuvius was covered with snow, and the four succeeding days have been as cold and comfortless as wind, sleet, and hail, could make them.

April 2d. Convalescence. Visited the opera for the first time. Of all the stupid things in the world, a serious opera is perhaps the most stupid,

and the opera of to-night formed no exception to this observation. The theatre is, I believe, the largest in Europe, and it is certainly too large for the singers, whose voices sound like penny trumpets on Salisbury Plain.*

* It ought to excite little wonder, that there are so few good singers in Italy; for she is unable, from her poverty, to retain those whom she has herself formed. As soon as they become eminent, they are enticed away to foreign countries, and often return to Italy, after years of absence, enriched with the spoils of half the provinces of Europe. Besides, the Italians of the present day have no taste for the higher kinds of music,—for full and grand harmonies,—or for instrumental music in general. If you talk to them of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, they shrug up their shoulders, and tell you—“*E Musica Tedesca,—non ci abbiamo gusto.*” Cherubini, their only really great composer, might perhaps be cited as an exception,—but he is in fact a most striking confirmation of their want of taste;—for his works are almost unknown, and he seems to be himself aware of the inability of his countrymen to appreciate his merits, by residing at a distance, and composing for foreign theatres. What the Italians like, is an easy flowing melody, *unincumbered*, as they would call it, with too much harmony. Whatever *Corinne* may say to the contrary, they seem to have little or no relish for impassioned music. Take an example of the taste of the times from the Opera of to-night—*Armida*—the composition of their favourite Rossini. His operas are always easy and flowing;—abounding in prettinesses and melting cadenzas, but he never reaches, nor apparently does he attempt to reach, the sustained and elevated character which distinguishes the music of Mozart. But Rossini’s works ought not to be too severely criticised; for the continual

The pit contained 674 elbowed seats, in 19 rows; and there is standing room for at least 150 persons.

The ballet of *Gengis Khan* was splendidly got up. The dancing was admirable, for though excellence must necessarily be confined to a few, all were good. These spectacles are better managed here than in England. I am afraid there is always something lumpish and awkward in the general effect of our *corps de ballet*; but here the groups are so picturesque, their motions so graceful, there is such a general expertness in the most complicated movements of the dance, and such a

demand for new music is greater than any fertility of head could supply. The Italians never like to go back;—without referring so far as their own great Corelli—Cimarosa, Paisiello, and others of equally recent date, are already become antiquated; and as Rossini is almost their only composer, he is obliged to write an opera in the interval of a few weeks, between the bringing out of the last, and its being laid on the shelf.

It is a sad tantalizing thing to hear music in Italy which you may wish to carry away with you; for they have no printed music!—This alone is sufficient to indicate the low state of the art. From Naples to Milan, I believe, there is no such artist as an Engraver of Music, and you never see a Music shop. You must therefore go without it, or employ a Copier, whose trade is regulated by the most approved cheating rules. He charges you according to the quantity of paper written on, and therefore takes care not to write too closely.

lightness and perpetual motion in all the figures, that the whole spectacle has the effect of phantasmagoria.

3d. The ex-king of Spain arrived, accompanied by his brother the present king of Naples, who had gone to *Mola di Gaeta*, to meet him. It is said that they now met for the first time after a separation of sixty years.

CHAPTER VIII.

Returned to Rome—Criminal guillotined—Tivoli—Claude Lorraine—Roman Politics—Computation of Time—Preachers—Music—Paganini—Departure from Rome—Falls of Terni—Return to Florence.

April 5th. LEFT Naples in a fit of spleen and disgust at the continued inclemency of the weather, and slept at Capua; where we found none of those seducing luxuries which enervated the soldiers of Hannibal.

6th. This day's journey brought us to Velletri. It was nearly dark when we left Terracina to pass over the Pontine Marshes. During the last stage, our postilion was constantly stopping, upon some pretence of the harness wanting repairs; at other times he pleaded that his horses were knocked up, and could not go beyond a foot's pace, on which occasion he would set up a loud song. All this was so like the common prologue to a robbery scene in romance, that we suspected the fellow must be a confederate with the banditti. At last we lost all patience—my companion produced his pistols, and swore that the next time he relaxed from a trot,

he would blow out his brains. This seemed to have its effect, and we rattled on to Velletri without clearing up the mystery.

7th. Reached Rome to breakfast.—Went to bed in a high fever.—Summoned a Roman surgeon to open a vein, which he did very tolerably; but their practice is much more timid than our own, for as soon as he had taken a large thimbleful of blood, he was for binding up the arm again, and protested, in the most urgent manner, against the madness of my proceeding when he saw me determined to lose ten ounces.

11th. Emerged from the confinement of a sick room, to enjoy again the genial air of Rome. How delightful is the calm tranquillity of this fallen capital, after the din and clatter of Naples! There is something so soft and balmy in the air, that I feel every mouthful revive and invigorate me;—and it is now as warm as midsummer in England.

Went to the church of *S. Maria del Popolo*, where there is a great curiosity in sculpture;—a statue by Raphael. It is Jonas, in the moment of his deliverance from the jaws of the great Leviathan of the Deep. The figure is beautifully elegant, and displays the same delicate skill in outline, for which Raphael is so distinguished in his pictures.

It is doubted whether Lorenzetto executed this statue from Raphael's design, or whether it received the finishing strokes from Raphael himself. As no other works of Lorenzetto display the same powers, it is fair to suppose the latter; and indeed there is a masterly touch in the expression, that seems in itself sufficient to decide the question.

12th. Passed the morning in the *Studi* of Canova and Thorwaldson. — Confirmed in my former opinions of their respective merits. — A statue of *Washington*, for the United States, just moulded by Canova; — in which there is the same want of repose and simplicity, that is so often observable in his works. Thorwaldson had just finished the model of a *Mercury*, putting Argus to sleep with his pipe; a figure of exquisite grace, archness, and spirit — the veritable son of Maia.

Some traces of antiquity are continually meeting you in your walks through Rome; for instance, the white robes of the modern Italian Butchers which, considering their occupation, are strikingly neat — seem to be the cast off dresses of the priests who performed the act of sacrifice.

13th. An execution in the Piazza del Popolo. The culprit was a "Fellow with a horrid face," who had murdered his father. The murder was

detected in a singular manner, affording an extraordinary instance of the sagacity and faithful attachment of the dog to his master. The disappearance of the deceased had given rise to inquiry, and the officers of police went to his cottage, where, on examining his son, they learned that his father had gone out to work as usual, a few days before, and had not been seen since. As the officers were continuing their search in the neighbourhood, their attention was excited by observing a dog lying in a lone place; who seemed to endeavour to attract their notice, by scratching on some newly-turned earth. Their curiosity was excited, by something peculiar in his action and manner, to examine the spot:—where they found the body. It would seem that the dog must have been an unobserved witness of his master's murder, and had not forsaken his grave. On returning to the cottage with the body, the son was so struck with the discovery made by the officers by means which he could not divine, that, concluding it must have been by supernatural intimation, he made a full confession of his guilt;—that he had beaten out his father's brains with a mallet, at the instigation of his mother; that he had dragged him to this by-place, and there buried him. The mother was condemned to imprisonment

for life;—the son to the guillotine. He kept us waiting from ten o'clock till almost three; for the execution is delayed till the culprit is brought to a due state of penitence.

At last the bell rang, the Host was brought from a neighbouring church that he might receive the last sacrament; and soon afterwards the criminal was led out. *Inglese* was a passport on this as on other occasions. The guards that formed in a square round the guillotine, made way for me to pass; and I was introduced, almost against my will, close to the scaffold.

A crucifix, and a black banner, with death's heads upon it, were borne before the culprit, who advanced between two priests. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and did not once flinch till he stooped to put his head into the groove prepared to receive it.

This is the trying minute; the rest is the affair of less than a moment. It appears to be the best of all modes of inflicting the punishment of death; combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim. It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there were any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance when the executioner held up the head, I

am inclined to believe that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation. And indeed there is nothing improbable in this supposition; for in all injuries of the spine whereby a communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so, in the case of decapitation, the nerves of the face and eyes may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk.

14th. *Ægina Marbles*;—these belong to an earlier age of sculpture than that of Phidias, and are curious specimens of the infancy of the art amongst the Greeks.

The symmetry is very defective; and there is a sort of sardonic smile in the expression of all the faces that is unintelligible, without knowing the history of the group.

Amongst the amusements of the people there is nothing more striking than the energy and interest which they exhibit in the common game of *Morra*.

This game is played by two persons; they both hold out their right hands, with the fingers extended; then, each contracts or shuts one, or as many of his fingers as he pleases; calling out at the same time the number which he guesses will be the whole amount of his own and his adversary's contracted fingers; this they both do, at the same moment, and very rapidly. Whichever guesses rightly, scores one, which is done by holding out one finger of the left hand;—the game may be five or ten, or more, at pleasure.

The vivacity with which they pursue this game is extraordinary. As may be supposed, from the nature of the game, it often creates disputes and quarrels, and in the days when every man carried his stiletto, these quarrels but too often ended in blood.

15th to 20th. There is now scarcely a stranger in Rome. The ceremonies of Easter being over, all the world is gone to Naples; and the best lodgings are now to be had for half the price that would have been asked two months ago.

Accidentally encountered some old friends and school-fellows. What a delightful thing it is to laugh and talk over the almost forgotten days of boyhood; when all was fun and frolic. For a

moment, one escapes from the present to the past, and becomes a boy over again.

22d. Excursion to Tivoli.—We rose before the sun, and reached Tivoli to breakfast.—The morning was beautiful—and the morning is the spring of the day, when all nature is fresh and joyous, and man is fresh to enjoy it. It is the custom of the Cicerone to lead you a long round of some miles, to see the *cascatelle*, and other things which are not worth seeing; and I regretted that I had not rather remained the whole morning in the charming environs of the temple of Vesta.

The great cascade is artificial—the work of Bernini; but I prefer much the natural fall which the waters have worked for themselves through the fissures of the rock; which is seen with such admirable effect from the hollow cavern called Grotto of Neptune. A pretty and intricate shrubbery covers the precipice, through which a path has been cut to enable you to descend to this spot; and I have seldom looked upon a scene which unites at once so much of the sublime and the beautiful;—but I will not attempt to describe it. A cascade is one of those things that bids defiance to the pen or the pencil; for the noise and the motion, which

constitute, in fact, almost all that is grand and graceful in a real waterfall, are lost in a picture; and when these are taken away, what remains—but an unseemly patch of white paint? If the imagination is to supply the loss, it might as well represent the whole scene.

Horace may well be justified for his partiality to the *præceps Anio et Tiburni lucus*. It is an exquisite spot; and well calculated to suggest the idea of a retreat from the world, with the calm pleasures of a life of rural retirement:

Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ!
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum
Militiæque!

It was in the scenery of Tivoli that Claude delighted to study nature; and in most of his landscapes there may be traced some features of the soft and beautiful combinations of the elements of landscape, which the scenery of Tivoli affords in such abundance. But the pictures of Claude represent nature rather as she might be, than as she is. His pictures are poetic nature; nature abstracted from all local defects;—by which I mean, that though all the separate features of his pic-

tures are true to nature, yet that he has compounded them in a manner, to form a general whole such as will never be found existing together in a real landscape. Thus he has done in landscape, what the Greek artists have done in sculpture, who, from the separate excellences of different individuals, have combined perfect figures, far superior in grace and beauty to any single living model.

23d. Visited the Lunatic Asylum.—I should have been inclined to suppose, in a country where the natives display so much vivacity and energy in the ordinary and healthy state of their minds, that their mad-houses would have exhibited a strange scene of violent excitement. But I was surprised to find every thing calm and tranquil. There were no raving patients; and only two whom it was necessary to confine, by a slight chain, to the wall of their apartment. I was much struck by the appearance and expression of two unfortunates labouring under the most opposite symptoms.—The one was a captain in the army, who had been driven mad by jealousy.—He was walking up and down a long room, with a quick and agitated step, and, I was told, he had been occupied in the same way for ten years; ex-

cept during the few hours of sleep. He seemed to be suffering the pains of the damned, as they have been described to proceed from the worm that never dieth. The other was a melancholy-maniac, lying in the sun; so utterly lost in vacancy, that I endeavoured in vain to rouse him from his reverie. He had a cast of countenance so cynic, that he might have furnished a painter with an admirable study for a Diogenes.

24th. The politicians of Rome look to the future with gloomy apprehension. The general opinion seems to be, that the temporal power of the Pope will end with Pius VII.; and that Austria will lay her paw upon the ecclesiastical dominions.

Connected as the House of Austria is with the reigning families of Tuscany and Naples, such an attempt might have little opposition to fear in the rest of Italy; and indeed as to the Papal States, even if there were any *national feeling* to keep them together, which I believe there is not, the people seem too much disposed to rely upon the interposition of miraculous assistance from above, to do any thing for themselves.

When the French were advancing in 1798—how was it that the Papal Government prepared

to resist them? By a levy *en masse*? No—but by a procession of three of the most sacred relics in the possession of the church.—These relics were—*Il Santo Volto*, a miraculous portrait of the Saviour;—and a *Santa Maria*, a portrait of the Virgin, supposed also to be painted by supernatural agency;—and the *chains* which St. Peter wore in prison, from which the angel liberated him.

This procession was attended by nearly the whole population of Rome, comprehending all ranks and ages and sexes, the greater part of them bare-footed—Satisfied with this, they remained in a state of inactivity, in the hope that Heaven would interpose in their favour, by some miraculous manifestation of its power. Such is ever the effect of superstition, which substitutes rites for duties, and teaches men to build their hopes of divine favour upon any other rather than the only true and rational foundation of such hopes—the faithful and exemplary discharge of their own duties.

The Italians now make a triumphant appeal to the late restoration of the Pope, as a visible interference of Providence, which ought to convince a heretic that it is decreed by the counsels of

Heaven, that the Pope shall endure for ever;
and they hail this return as an omen and security
for the same miraculous assistance in the time to
come, forgetting the admirable doctrine of the
Trojan patriot,

Εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης !

In the evening went to the theatre.—An Italian comedy, or rather a German play, translated into Italian.—German sentiment seems to please all the world, in spite of its stupidity; else, why do we all pilfer from Kotzebue? Vestris, the great comic actor of Italy, played the part of a valet, with considerable archness and humour: but he is a “tun of man;” and a fat man is fit to act nothing but a fat man;—for perhaps there is no character but Falstaff, of which fat is an essential attribute. But, when I speak slightly of Vestris, I forget his Tale-bearer in the *Bottega di Cafe*, and his *Burbero benefico*;—both admirable pices of acting.

25th. I looked on this morning at a game at *Pallone*. This is a great improvement upon our *fives*. It is played by parties of a certain number on each side, generally six against six. The pallone is a ball filled with air, about as big as a foot-ball.

The players wear a sort of wooden guard, called *Bracciale*, into which the right hand is introduced; this instrument, which is in shape not unlike a muff, reaches half way up to the elbow, and is studded with short wooden points. The player, grasping firmly a bar fixed in the inside of the *Bracciale*, to keep it steady, takes the ball before the bound, and *vollies* it, according to the tennis term, with amazing force. The object of the players is to prevent the ball falling within their lines. The weight of the *Bracciale*, placed as it is at the extremity of the arm, must require great muscular strength to support it, during a long game. It is a truly athletic exercise, and though it is said to be the ancient *follis* of the Romans, it must have undergone some alteration;—for the line,

“Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes”

has no application to the modern game of the *Pallone*.

Joined Lucien Buonaparte's domestic circle in the evening.

26th. Nothing is more perplexing in Italy, than the computation of time. It is pity that the Italians will not reckon their hours in the same

manner with their neighbours. The ancient Romans divided the day into twenty-four hours. Twelve of these, from the rising to the setting of the sun, composed their day, and the other twelve, from sunset to sunrise, made up the night. Hence, as the seasons changed, there must have been a proportionate variation in the length of their hours. They had however two fixed points; midday and midnight, which they called the sixth hour.

The modern division of the Italians differs from this; they divide the day and night into twenty-four hours, which are all of an equal length, in every season of the year.

Perhaps it may be more simple to reckon twenty-four hours in one series, than by our double series of twelve and twelve.

But the perplexity arises from their not beginning to reckon from some fixed point, that shall not vary; as, for instance, from twelve o'clock at noon—when the sun crosses the meridian every day in the year. The Italians call half an hour after sunset the twenty-fourth hour; and an hour and a half after sunset, the first hour, or one o'clock. Hence the nominal hour of midday constantly changes with the season; in June it is sixteen, and in December nineteen o'clock,

27th. I ought to say something of the pulpit eloquence of Italy, of which I have heard many specimens both here and at Naples. Lent is the great season of preaching.—There is scarcely a day during that period, when you will not find some listening congregation, and on Wednesdays and Fridays, all the principal churches are crowded. At the Church of the Capuchins near the Piazza Barberini, there is a preacher who delivers his discourses with the most graceful action—not theatrical but appropriate—studied no doubt, but so studied as to remove all appearance of constraint;—no abruptness—no distortion—but every motion elegant and flowing, like the language it accompanied. At the Church of the Jesuits also, there is an excellent preacher for the middle and lower classes—plain, earnest and affectionate—just what we should desire in a parish priest in England. His sermons are practical, and his favourite topic *repentance*, which he enforces in the most powerful manner, though he is too fond of illustrating by examples taken from the Madonna and the Apocryphal Saints.

But let me attempt a sketch of the great Preacher of all—the *Frate Pacifico*—a Franciscan. *Pacifico* is a ruddy, robust, portly man, with a physiognomy

denoting good sense and strength of intellect; and a voice sonorous, flexible, and commanding. His manner is earnest, even to vehemence, but wanting in that tenderness of appeal, which is the most winning talent of a Preacher. He is most successful in the use of indignation, or irony, of which latter weapon perhaps he is too fond;—dramatising the sinner's part, with a humour peculiar to himself. He carries this often to the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge, of the ridiculous;—but then, recovering himself in a moment with admirable address, he will fulminate in a dignified and terrific strain, that strikes conviction to the hearts of his hearers. Like most other extempore preachers, however, he does not know when to have done, and seldom concludes till he has exhausted himself, as well as his subject. What this exhaustion must be, cannot be estimated without remembering that Pacifico preaches in the climate of Rome, dressed in the coarse Franciscan habit—which does not comprehend the luxury of a shirt.

I was astonished at the fearless freedom with which he treated his audience, careless whom he might offend, in a late sermon; the leading drift of which was, the utter worthlessness of mere

ceremonies, and the hypocrisy and folly of placing our reliance, or endeavouring to make others place reliance, on a scrupulous, pharisaical observance of outward devotional acts; and all this in the presence of sundry cardinals!

There is no one to whom I could compare him, amongst our own preachers—except perhaps Dr. Chalmers—of whom he reminds me by his devoted earnestness, his entire absorption in his subject, and the fertility of his invention;—but he has not Chalmers's splendour of language or variety of illustration—his learning being apparently confined to his own profession. But then, his voice, with its deep rich double-bass, makes up for these deficiencies.

In a country where there is so much preaching, and where almost all preaching is *extempore*, or at least *memoriter*, there must necessarily be many bad preachers—but there are scarcely any Drawlers; there is nonsense enough, but not that lifeless dull monotony of topic, style, and voice, which so often sets our own congregations to sleep. Some of them, particularly at Naples, are very ridiculous, from the vehemence of their gesticulations; and there is always a crucifix in the pulpit, which often leads to the introduction of a

dramatic style. There is a practice too, common to all, which at first is apt to excite a smile. The Preacher pronounces the sacred name without any particular observance, but as often as he has occasion to mention *la santissima Madonna*, he whips off his little scull-cap with an air that has as much the appearance of *politeness*, as of *reverence*. But lest my preaching article should grow into a Sermon, I conclude it abruptly—as most of the Italian Preachers do their sermons—who hurry down the stairs of the pulpit, without doxology, prayer, or blessing.

28th. Visited again and again the relics* of "Almighty Rome." At this delightful season you are tempted to pass the whole night in wandering among the ruins, which make a more solemn impression than when lighted up by the "garish eye" of day. I have never encountered any obstruction in these midnight rambles, nor seen any robbers, except the other evening, in the castle of St. Angelo. I had ascended to the roof to enjoy

* It is a remarkable circumstance that the whole Palatine Hill is now, with the exception of one small portion, in the possession of the English,—of that people whom the Romans used contemptuously to designate as "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*." Sir W. G. has purchased the Villa Spada, with a large tract of garden and vineyard, and almost all the remainder is the property of the English College.

the view, when I observed a party drinking wine on the leads, who very courteously invited me to partake of their good cheer. I found that these fellows were the leaders of a gang of robbers, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. As the robbing trade was becoming slack, they hit upon the ingenious expedient of surrendering themselves, in order to obtain it; and it is not a little extraordinary that the Government should have consented to these terms, so that these fellows will, after a confinement of a year in the castle of St. Angelo, be let loose again upon society. In the mean time, they seem to live pleasantly enough; the English go and talk to them about the particulars of their robberies, and I am told that one of our countrywomen has made them a handsome present. This is a strange mode of putting down robbers; but, if we were not to see strange things, who would be at the pains of travelling—for, after all, I believe Madame de Staël is right, when she calls it a "*triste plaisir*."

29th. Amongst the charms of an Italian evening, I ought to mention the street-singing and serenading. That has happened to music in Italy, which happens to language and style, to poetry and painting, and indeed to every thing else in this world. When a certain point of perfection

has been attained, the progress afterwards is in a contrary direction; and a corruption of taste is introduced by the very attempt to pursue improvement beyond that line, which limits all human exertion by the irreversible fiat;—"thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." But though music must be considered as on the decline in Italy, there is, notwithstanding, a general diffusion of musical taste and musical talent, extending to the lowest ranks. I have often set my window open at night to listen to the "dying falls" of a favourite air, distributed into parts, and sung by a party of mechanics returning home from their work, with a degree of skill and science that would not have disgraced professional performers. The serenade is a compliment of gallantry, by no means confined to the rich. It is customary for a lover, even of the lowest class, to haunt the dwelling of his mistress, chanting a *rondo*, or roundelay, during the period of his courtship.

One of these swains infested our neighbourhood, and my Italian master* caught the words, which were pretty enough; though, as he says is generally the case, they are not reducible to the rules of syntax:—

* I am sure every stranger going to Rome will thank me for pointing out to his notice Signor Armellini;—a man

“ Fiori d’ argento
Che per amare a voi
Ci ho pianto tanto
Poveri pianti miei
Gettati al vento.”

In saying “that the Italians have no taste for instrumental music in general,” I do not mean to assert that they have not individual performers of consummate talent, among whom it would be injustice not to mention the celebrated Paganini.* He is a man of eccentric character, and irregular habits. Though generally resident at Turin,

whose mind is richly stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature, and of such pleasing manners, and such variety of information, that the study of a grammar, which is usually an irksome task, becomes, in his hands, an agreeable recreation.

* I subjoin the spirited description of a friend, whose musical science and acknowledged taste enable him to speak with much more authority than myself. “Paganini’s performance bears the stamp of the eccentricity of his character. As to mechanism, it is quite perfect; his tune and the thrilling intonation of his double stops are electric; his bow moves as if it were part of himself, and endued with life and feeling; his *staccato* is more strongly marked than I ever knew, and, in the smoother passages, there is a glassiness, if one may so say, which gives you the notion of the perfection of finish, and the highest refinement of practice. Though, in general, there is an ambition to display his own talents, by an excess of ornament, yet he can, if he will, play with simplicity and pathos, and then his power over the passions is equal to that of any orator or actor.”

he has no fixed engagement; but, as occasion may require, makes a trading voyage through the principal cities of Italy, and can always procure a theatre, upon the condition of equal participation in the receipts. Many stories are told of the means by which he has acquired his astonishing style;—such as his having been imprisoned ten years with no other resource—and the like. But, however this may be, his powers over the violin are most extraordinary.

30th. A grand ceremony at the church of St. John Lateran; at the conclusion of which the Pope, from the balcony, gave his blessing to the people, who were assembled in thousands in the large square below.

As soon as the Pope appeared, there was a discharge of artillery; the bands of military music struck up; and the people sunk on their knees, uncovered. A solemn silence ensued, and the blessing was conferred. All seemed to receive this with reverential awe, and it was impossible not to imbibe a portion of the general feeling.

In my way home I encountered his Holiness's equipage, and had an opportunity of observing the Roman mode of testifying respect to the Sovereign. All ranks take off their hats and fall on

their knees, till the carriage has passed. But, this is in harmony with the titles which are conferred upon the Pope* at his coronation; when the Senior Cardinal puts the tiara on his head, and addresses him in these words:—*Accipe Tiaram, tribus coronis ornatam, et scias Patrem te esse Principum et Regum, Rectorem orbis, in terra Vicarium Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi.*

May 4th. Left Rome at sunrise. My carriage is a sort of buggy on four wheels, drawn by a single horse. My bargain with my voiturier is, to be taken to Florence in six days, and to be fed and lodged on the road; for which I am to give him twenty dollars. The pace is tiresome enough at first; for the horse seldom quits his walk, even for an equivocal amble; but if you have no particular object in getting on, you soon become reconciled to this. Besides, it affords ample leisure for surveying the country, and gratifying your curiosity at any particular point, where you wish to deviate from the road; for you may easily overtake your carriage. We halted for the night at

* Let me here record the compliment with which the Pope lately received a party of English, upon their presentation to him;—" *Ho sempre gran piacere nel vedere gl' Inglesi, tanto hanno fatto per la causa di tutto il mondo.*"

Civita Castellana—the ancient *Veii**—as it is said—and it saves a great deal of trouble to believe every thing that is said. The town is beautifully situated; and old *Soracte*, under the modern disguise of *St. Oreste*, stands up boldly by himself in the middle of the plain, at a short distance from the town.

5th. Left *Civita Castellana* before daylight, in order to reach *Terni* in good time. Nothing can be more beautiful than the views on entering the vale of *Terni*, through which the road and the river *Nera* meander. This day's journey was delightful. It was a May morning, such as you may read of in England, in *Isaac Walton's* description. The scenery is always rich, and sometimes romantic. The features of an Italian landscape are very peculiar. The bold and the grand are constantly blended with the soft and the beautiful. Thus, amongst the rugged rocks of *Terni*, the ilex, the cypress, and the fir, with the spring

* The real *Veii* has been discovered at *Isola Barberini*—about a mile and a half from *La Storta*, and ten from *Rome*. This discovery is not a doubtful one, but is authenticated by numerous inscriptions, which, with several marble pillars, fragments of temples, and statues, have been lately found here. What a mean opinion does this give of the prowess of the Romans, who, in so advanced a period of their history, could only subdue a city, situated thus at their gates, by a lucky stratagem, and after a ten years' siege!

leaves of the other trees of the forest, refresh the eye with every variety of green; while the mountain-ash, the acacia, the laburnum, and the pink-flowered Judas tree—all in full blossom—add a richness, which never belongs to the English landscape. Of the falls of Terni I will only say, that I enjoyed this charming scene, with all the embellishments that a lovely May evening could add to it. The day has its seasons like the year, and evening—rich in every variety of tint—is its autumn, to me the most delightful of all the seasons, whether of the day or the year.

The rays of the setting sun, playing on the light foam of the cascade, created innumerable rainbows; and the thrush, whose note is more grateful to my ear than that of the nightingale herself—though I believe this preference must be traced to the all-powerful principle of association, for I have listened to her song in some of the happiest hours of my life—gave me a concert, in harmony with all around it.

There is, however, always something to disgust in *reality*;—and much of the pleasure of my walk was destroyed by a troop of clamorous beggars, who beset me on every side; and the more money I gave, the more beggars I had. This was villainous;—for if ever there were a walk which

"silence" ought to "accompany," and with which she might be "pleased"—it is a still evening's walk in the vale of Terni.

The cascade has been often described; but perhaps no description can give a more lively idea of the impression which the first sight of it makes upon the spectator, than the exclamation of Wilson the painter, overheard by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who happened to be on the spot. Wilson stood for a moment in speechless admiration, and then broke out with—" *Well done, Water, by G—!*"

6th. I am more reconciled every day to my mode of travelling.—The weather is beautiful. Thirty-five miles is the average of a day's journey. By starting at sunrise one half of this is accomplished by ten o'clock. It is then usual to halt till two, which affords time for a *siesta* during the heat of the day, and the remainder of the journey is concluded about seven in the evening. To me, whose object in life seems unhappily confined to the task of killing time—till time shall kill me—no mode of travelling could be better suited; and the day, thus filled up, slips away imperceptibly. But time is a sad antagonist to contend against; kill him as you may, day after day, you find him up again fresh and revived—more pertinacious than

Sindbad's old man—to renew the battle with you in the morning.—Again:—I doubt, all things considered, whether it be not better to travel by yourself, than with a companion. It is true, you may not always please yourself, but you may at least bear with your own ill humour. If you could select the very companion you would wish, it might alter the case;—though it seems fated that all travelling companions should fall out;—and history is full of instances, from Paul and Barnabas, down to Walpole and Gray.—So I jog on, contented at least, if not happy to be alone;—though not perhaps without often feeling the truth of Marmontel's observation:

“ Il est triste de voir une belle campagne, sans pouvoir dire à quelqu'un, Voilà une belle campagne!”

Breakfasted at *Spoletto*—which held out successfully against Hannibal, after the battle of *Thrasymene*; the inhabitants of which still pride themselves on the prowess of their ancestors, and show the *Porta d'Annibale*. In digging the foundation of a new bridge, the remains of an old Roman bridge have lately been discovered here.

Near *Foligno*, I encountered a troop of pilgrims, on their way home from *Loretto* to *Naples*, dressed in picturesque uniform, and chanting

the evening hymn to the Virgin, in very beautiful harmony.

7th. Debated for some time whether I should pursue my route to Florence; or proceed by way of Loretto and Ancona, to Bologna; but our Lady, when put into the scale against the heathen Goddess of the Tribune, immediately kicked the beam—so I turned to the left, and continued my way to Perugia. Here my *voiturier* contrived to take up another passenger's luggage, without my perceiving it, and soon after we got out of the town, he overtook his fare, to whom he assigned a place on the outside, in spite of my remonstrances; arguing that I had only taken the inside of the carriage to myself, and that he had the patronage of the spare seat on the box. The shortest road to redress would have been to take the law into my own hands; but the appeal to force is the worst, and therefore should be the last resort, especially in this case, where the issue was doubtful—for the odds were two to one. On arriving at Passignano, I applied to the police, and brought my *voiturier* to his senses.

By the by, a written contract with a *voiturier*, to be valid, ought to be signed by two witnesses, and *stamped* by the police; but when the merits of the case are plain, a stranger will generally find

redress, in spite of informalities. If, however, you wish to secure the good behaviour of your voiturier—keep the command of the purse in your own hands. You must make occasional advances on the road, but let these always be less than the fare.

8th. Passignano is a miserable hamlet, on the brink of the lake of Perugia; and the wretched inhabitants bear witness, by their pallid appearance, to the pestilent air in which they live.

Near this place is the scene of the memorable battle of Thrasymene. It requires no lights of generalship to perceive the egregious error of Flaminius, in marching his army down into a trap; where Hannibal, by taking possession of the heights, completely checkmated, or rather, to preserve the analogy of the game, stale-mated him.

Took my morning rest at *Castiglione Fiorentino*, a beautiful village, in the Tuscan dominions. The change in the appearance of the country, or rather of the inhabitants, as you leave the dominions of the Pope, and enter the Grand Duke's territories, is very much in favour of the latter.

In the Papal States all is slovenly and squalid; there seems to be no middle link in the chain of society between the cardinal and the beggar.

In Tuscany, the very cottages are neat and ornamental; and there is in the dress and the appearance of the peasantry something which bespeaks a sense of self-respect, and a taste for comforts, which will never be found where the peasantry is in a state of hopeless vassalage.

It was now the hay-making season, and the women, in their neat picturesque dresses, and tasteful straw-hats, handled their rakes with an elegance of manner that would have suited a scene in Arcadia.

After a long drive through a delightful country, I arrived two hours after dark at Rimaggio. The night was beautiful; the air cool and sweet, and the nightingales singing all round us. A meagre supper.—Mine host said it was the positive order of the government, and that he should be exposed to a fine if he allowed any meat to be dressed in his house on a Friday; so that it was in vain I pleaded my heretical right to eat what I pleased.

The cheapness of living in Italy and the imposition practised upon travellers, may be collected from the price a voiturier pays for the supper at the table d'hôte, and the lodging of his passengers, which I have ascertained to be four Pauls per head;—something less than two shillings. The common charge to an Englishman

year before, into the more general cultivation of the potatoe. The prejudice against it was so great, that it was only by offering a reward to each peasant, for a certain quantity of his own cultivation, that the government succeeded in the attempt. It is to the credit of the Tuscan character, that numbers, who in the time of famine had felt the benefit and importance of this vegetable, when they produced certificates of their being entitled to the government bounty, declined accepting it; declaring that they no longer wanted bribing into the belief of the great utility of a plant, to which they owed the preservation of their lives.

After a broiling day's journey, I caught a view of fair Florence, from the top of the last hill, with all its domes and towers glittering in the last rays of the setting sun. Thinking the character of my equipage little suited to the magnificence of Schneiderf's hotel, I established myself at the Pelican; a good house, and much better adapted than Schneiderf's to the finances of a man who does not travel *en grand Seigneur*.

END OF VOL. I.

